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THE MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL MARVELS JULY 2012

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Contents

July 2012

2 SALUTATIONS

Wish We Were There!
Oh, to be a fly on your wall!

4 THREE-FOR-ALL

Two's company but three's
a party!

16 SOMEONE'S WATCHING

Keeping an eye on the action

32 LETTER OF THE MONTH

French Lover's Sex Lesson
Extramarital bliss with Gallic flavor

38 FICTION

Training Tracy
by Charles Graves

44 MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

Legal Link-Up At Sea
Outside the office they were equals



50 GANG BANGS

Wild women take on
all comers

64 PURSUIT & CAPTURE

It's better to be chased than
to be chaste

78 EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

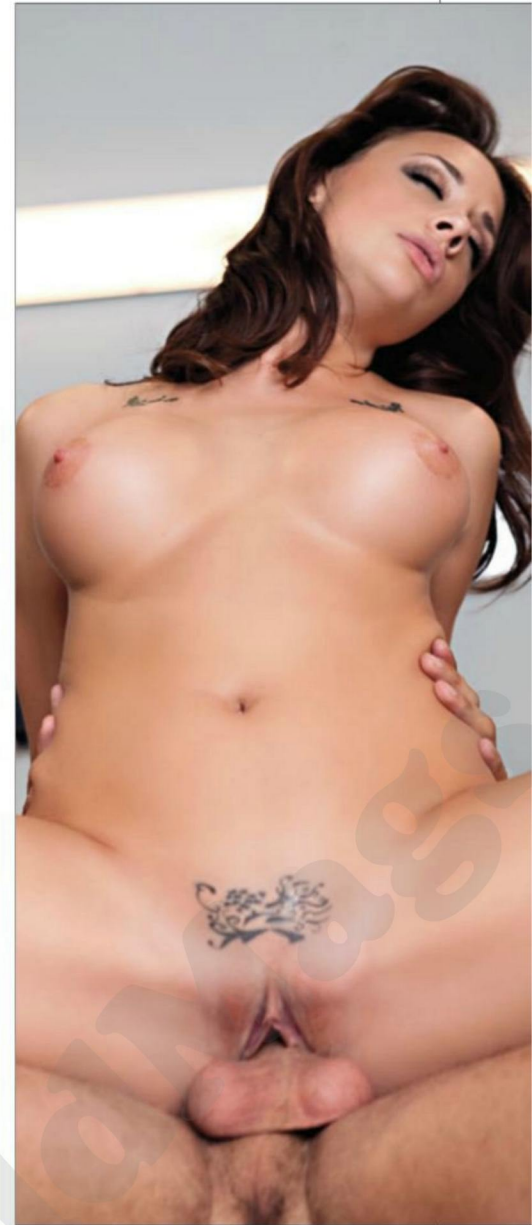
She's No Lady
She's looking for the ride of her life

86 SPOTLIGHT ON KINKY COUGARS

Sometimes the great ones
stand alone

98 CARNALCOPIA

A piquant potpourri with a
little bit of everything



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WISH WE WERE THERE!

To be a fly on the wall once our loyal fans get a hold of this steamy compilation of deviant delights! Oh, the tales we would tell if we could!

Since we're not flies and can't see what our wild bunch of fornicators is up to at any given time (drats!), perhaps you'd be so kind as to get us up to speed once the dirty deeds are done and your whackers are back in your pants. We'd love for you to sit down, take to writing and tell us, specifically, what you got out of this issue. Oh hell, just give us all the dirty details about what sort of deeds were inspired by this, or any other issue that struck your fancy.

Imagine what you would do if your extremely pregnant wife got it on, *with your permission*, with your neighbor the photographer! See what develops on page 16 of Someone's Watching. It's stimulating, to say the least.

So many of our loyal fans are travelers, out of town so much of the time. How do you pass the time? Perhaps like our fiery femme on page 65 of Pursuit & Capture. My, oh my, what surprises behold the weary traveler. Frequent flyer miles here we come!

For those who fancy a more mature, experienced woman, you're going to really enjoy this month's Spotlight on Kinky Cougars. This connoisseur of fine women has met The One. Her giving nature is more than even he could've bargained for. Satisfaction is her guarantee!

Add to this a variety of virgins, sex-crazed cuties (who know that sexual healing mends a broken heart), a sexy submissive who gets trained and loves it, and well, you've got quite a lot of fuck fodder.

We'll leave you to it! But remember, we're here if you feel like sharing!—The Editors



His friends furnished the beer, and in return he furnished his wife

My friends Kirk and Ian came by our house last week, bringing along some cold beer. I put on some music, and Ian asked Dina, my wife, for a dance. Dina looked at me and asked if I minded. Well, these guys were old friends of mine, so I told her to go ahead and enjoy herself.

I was helping myself to another can of beer when I saw Ian put his hand under my wife's skirt. Not only did Dina not object to this, but I saw her surreptitiously brush her hand over his crotch.

Soon after that Dina started complaining about her panties riding up and getting in the crack of her ass. I told her to go ahead and take her panties off—or ask Ian to do it. Ian didn't wait to be asked. He raised her skirt and slowly pulled her panties down below her butt. They fell to the floor, and Ian felt her ass as she stepped out of them.

Dina then changed partners and started dancing with Kirk. Pretty soon I saw her pull his zipper down and pull out his big dick. Then she stopped dancing and got down on her knees. Looking toward me, she said, "Why don't you and Ian go and get some more beer?" Then she put Kirk's dick in her mouth. So Ian and I went to get the beer.

When we returned they weren't in the living room, so we looked in the kitchen,



then went to check out the bedrooms. We found them in my bed. They were naked, and my wife was groaning and saying, "Kirk, fuck me hard and fuck me deep, and you'll get a part of my pussy that has never been fucked!"

Kirk's balls were wet with the slippery juices that were already running down the crack of Dina's ass. The sight and sound of their fucking was making me horny, and Ian too, I was

sure. We were both enjoying watching Kirk stretch my wife's small pussy.

Ian now proceeded to strip naked, and I saw that he had over nine inches hanging between his legs. It was obvious that he meant to stick that thing into my wife when Kirk finished, and I didn't think Dina would object.

Kirk was really banging her pussy now, but Ian was impatient. "Come on, Kirk, fuck her faster," he said.

"Yes, Kirk, fuck her faster!" I echoed.

"He's fucking me as fast as he can, for God's sake!" Dina moaned, and a minute later Kirk shot a huge load of come deep inside my wife's hot pussy. As soon as he pulled out of her, Ian dove in and ate her messy cunt for five minutes, then slid his big nine-inch dick inside her up to his balls.

While they fucked, I saw Kirk's dick getting hard again. It looked like he had over 10 inches, so I knew Dina had been right—he'd gotten a part of her pussy that had never been fucked. When Ian shot his load into her I wanted to fuck her myself, but I also wanted to see how long she would go on fucking my friends. The two of them took turns with her for another hour.

By then I was so turned on I decided to clean them all up with my mouth. I started with Dina's pussy and went on to Ian's and Kirk's dicks. This took almost 45 minutes, and guess what happened next. They started fucking my wife again!—*J.L., Austin, Texas*

At first she said no to another man, then she changed her mind

When my wife Margo and I were first married I thought I was the luckiest man alive. My new bride was not only beautiful and intelligent, she was also a good cook, and we began a wonderful life together. We'd both been reared with strict family values, so neither of us really

knew very much about sex, but we were fast learners and we practiced daily. As the years slipped by our sex life improved greatly, but it wasn't until we began reading the letters in your magazine that it really blossomed. Reading about other people's sexual activities seemed to give our own a whole new meaning, and to make our lovemaking sessions even hotter.

We both seemed to particularly enjoy the stories about husbands who shared their wives, so I eventually told Margo I thought it would be fun to watch her sometime with another man. Of course at first she said she would never do such a thing, but after almost a year of cajoling and persuasion, she finally said that if I was sure that was what I wanted, she might consider it. Even then she refused to choose the man, saying that if it was ever going to happen, I would have to pick someone and make all the arrangements. So I did.

The man I chose was a coworker of mine named Ned, who Margo had only met once. He was only too happy to accept the assignment, and when I told Margo about it, she just shrugged and said he would do as well as anyone else.

On the night Ned was to visit we were both extremely nervous, but I was still eager to go through with our plan. When he arrived, Margo's nervousness became so great that she

could hardly speak. Finally I suggested that she go on upstairs to our bedroom and prepare herself. She agreed, but even then I had to practically push her up the stairs. I was afraid she might still back out, but I

this occasion, and she had never looked lovelier. She had beautiful breasts, and the low-cut spaghetti-strap gown showed those firm mounds off to perfection.

I could see that Margo was still a little nervous, and

began to slowly ease the straps of her gown off her shoulders, revealing her breasts completely to his gaze for the first time.

I think he was just as excited about seeing those near-perfect breasts as I



was hoping with all my heart that she wouldn't.

Ned and I had a drink, and afterwards I took him upstairs to join my wife. When we entered the bedroom I could not have been more proud. I had often encouraged Margo to wear more revealing clothing, wanting to show off my sexy wife, but she had always refused to do it. Now here she was in the little black baby doll nightie that I had bought her especially for

I was still afraid she might change her mind. So as Ned stood admiring her beauty, I moved slowly to the bed where she lay and began to kiss her softly, hoping to give her the encouragement she needed to go through with it.

After a moment I realized that Ned had joined us on the bed. I continued to plant soft kisses on her face and neck, but I watched her closely to see what her reaction would be as he

had been the first time I saw them. After staring at them for a moment he slowly bent down and began kissing them. My cock was throbbing as I watched this, and to my delight Margo was obviously aroused also; her nipples were already standing erect.

She lay quietly for the most part as he made love to her with his hands and mouth, but her breathing got faster, and at one point she gave a little moan. If

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there was still any apprehension in my mind that she might not go through with it, it went away when his hands disappeared under the hem of her short nightie, and I saw Margo lift her hips to let him slip her panties off. I knew she was into it now, and I was filled with elation.

After the panties were gone I helped him remove her nightie. Seeing her naked with him was an overwhelming erotic experience, and watching him make love to her was more thrilling than I can put into words.

My fantasy had not been just to watch her with another guy; it had also been to watch her enjoying it, and now she definitely was. It was a dream come true, and as I watched him slowly slide his hard cock into her wet, waiting love nest, I lost it completely, coming right in my pants. But I became hard again almost immediately as I watched them coupling, and when Margo climaxed with a cry of joy I almost came again.

No sooner had Ned finished and moved from between her spread legs then I took my rightful place there and enjoyed a piece of my wife while he watched in his turn.

I couldn't believe that my little bride of almost 10 years, who had initially been so reluctant to do this, had actually become so aroused that she would take both of us on, but she had.

The next morning Margo was too embarrassed to talk

to me about what we had done. In fact, two weeks went by before she would discuss it; but when we did talk about it she admitted that it had been exciting. When I asked her if I should invite Ned back again, she said no, but I was pretty sure she didn't really mean it, so I called him anyway.

After his second visit Ned became a regular guest at our house. Margo finally gave up all pretense of reluctance. During his visits he and I turned her every which way but loose, and she loved it.

I soon learned that my shy little bride reveled in the added attention she was getting. It seemed the more we gave her, the more she wanted, and the more she could take. Even after Ned went home, she and I would jump back into bed and make passionate love until we were exhausted, while talking about the things we had done while he was there.

One night, after Ned and I had both taken our turns with her, Margo still appeared to be highly aroused. As I lay on my back she got me hard again with her mouth, and then straddled me and rode me until she came. While she sat catching her breath, with my diminishing dick still inside her, Ned moved up behind her and began playing with her butt.

When he did that she began to squirm, but I knew how much she liked to have her ass stroked and played with, so I wrapped my arms

around her to keep her from squirming away. She gasped as he pushed a finger up her tight asshole, and I continued to hold her as she began to make little whimpering sounds. When he removed his finger and began to push the head of his dick up her ass, she really went wild, but by now she wasn't trying to get away.

Once I felt his dickhead inside her tight rear passage, I grabbed her butt cheeks and pulled them open, allowing him to go even deeper. Soon he was completely inside her. It felt strange, with his dick in her butt and mine in her pussy, especially as I was rapidly getting hard again, but it was exciting.

Margo was moaning now, obviously adjusting to the sensation of having two cocks inside her, and she gasped again as Ned and I began to fuck her. She lay down on my chest as he and I got into a good rhythm, and I could feel the hardness of her nipples pressing into me as her tits slid back and forth with her squirming. Then, when Ned and I began climaxing, almost at the same time, she reared up off my chest and her mouth flew open, emitting a scream of ecstasy. A moment later Ned and I each shot another explosive load into my wife's spasming body.

Now Margo agrees with me that bringing Ned into our sex life was the best thing we ever did. So any of you guys who think you can

handle it, you might want to suggest a third party to your wife or girlfriend. It just might be the most exciting thing you will ever share.—
Name and address withheld

His fiancée broke his heart, but two sex-crazy girls healed it

I was looking forward to our honeymoon in Hawaii when one day, without warning, I received a padded envelope from my fiancé, containing her engagement



ring. She had found someone else, and didn't even have the decency to tell me face to face that she was leaving me.

Naturally, I was devastated by being so coldly dumped. For several months I found myself struggling to rebound. I was reluctant even to date,

“Margo was moaning now, adjusting to the sensation of having two cocks inside her, and she gasped as Ned and I began to fuck her”

LETTERS

unable to climb out of the deep rut in which my ex-fiancée had left me. Not that I intended to swear off having sex forever or anything, but for the moment the most I could do was to indulge in girl-watching at a risk-free distance.

Maybe a whore was what I needed, I found myself thinking one day as I sat in a shopping mall food court, having a cup of coffee. The idea of visiting a red light district, or even treating myself to a high-priced call girl, seemed like an enticing possibility.

As I mulled this idea over I noticed a very pretty girl sitting alone at a table across the court. She too was having coffee, and she looked a bit lonely. As I stole some discreet glances at her, I caught her looking back. Maybe I should approach her, I told myself. Introduce myself and strike up a conversation. As I began thinking about what to say, the girl got up and came over to my table.

"Care for some company?" she asked, smiling. "I know I could sure use some."

"Please, have a seat," I managed to reply.

"My name is Marian," she volunteered as she sat down. She was a dazzling long-haired brunette, with a beautiful face, an intoxicating voice and eyes like clear blue pools of water. I was grateful for the table top concealing the boner which was already growing insistently in my pants.

She was reserved but

friendly as she began to make small talk, trying to break the ice. I held back a bit at first, out of recent habit, but she was so attractive that I soon began to relax and found myself opening up. Her friendliness boosted my confidence, and after four months in the doldrums I was finally starting to rediscover my balls. On the other hand, I didn't want to scare her off, so I tried to play it cool. But I was caught off guard when at one point she said calmly, "May I ask you a personal question? Would you go to bed with me this afternoon?"

For a long moment I could only stare at her in astonishment at this audacious proposition. She smiled. "Stunned you, haven't I?" she murmured.

"I'll say!" I replied. "Are you serious?"

"Dead serious, I need to be fucked something fierce, and I get a good vibe from the way you look at me. Are you going to answer my question?"

I did my best to recover myself. "An afternoon of casual sex with you sounds wonderful," I said at last.

"Good," Marian said. "Is there a motel close by that we can go to?"

"Just a few blocks from here," I told her.

"Cool," she smiled. "We'll split the bill for the room, okay?"

We got up and I escorted her out, my head in a whirl. I suddenly couldn't wait to squirt my seed inside the pussy of this dream girl who



had so casually picked up a total stranger in a shopping mall. Was this real? Or was I about to wake up and find it was all a cruel dream?

Once inside the motel room Marian immediately proceeded to undress, and I followed her example. As she started to unfasten her bra, my hands rushed in and did it for her. Two firm ripe mounds hung loose for my eyes to feast on.

She smiled at my expression. "How do they look?" she asked me.

"Fabulous," I said, bending forward to kiss each nipple. Then I hooked my thumbs under her panties and slid them down her legs, exposing a neatly trimmed brunette pelt above her shaven pussy lips. She lay down on the bed buck naked as my focus fixed on her pubic mound. Noticing the direction of my gaze, she spread her legs, offering me a full frontal view of her naked beaver.

A moment later my face was in her crotch, my mouth stuffed full of pussy, my nostrils soaking in her female scent. She was wet as hell, and I was more than ready to bang her box.

"Stick your dick in me," she panted. "Do it now!"

I rose to lie on top of her as she spread her legs still wider. Taking hold of her wrists, I wrenched them up over her head and lay on top of her. The moment my dick entered her pussy, a kind of sexual whirlwind took over, and I began thrusting wildly into her cunt, fucking that pussy



with wanton abandon. She made little moaning sounds, and her vaginal muscles contracted, hugging my penis. As I approached the brink of orgasm I grabbed her ass with both hands, disgorging a gusher of sperm into her spasming pussy.

"Ready for another round?" she inquired, even as my now flaccid cock slipped from her vagina.

Damn! "It'll take a few moments for my dick to get hard again," I told her.

"Let me help," Marian said. She slid down in the bed, her mouth and tongue trailing over my body. As the ends of her long brunette hair swept across my belly, the tingle of sexual excitement returned to my groin. She played with my package for a moment

"She slid down in the bed. As the ends of her long brunette hair swept across my belly, the tingle of excitement returned to my groin"

before slurping my scrotum into her mouth. Her delicate fingers curled around my shaft, forming a sleeve as she pumped my dick in sync with the sucking my nuts, exhibiting a smooth sensual ease worthy of a porn star.

My balls fell from her lips as her tongue slithered out to lick my pole before she took it into her mouth. Her head slammed down, taking my cockhead to the back of

her throat. I tried to hold on, but even after coming so recently I was rapidly losing control again.

"I'm about to squirt," I warned her, but she didn't stop. "Oh God, here it comes!"

I clutched her shoulders as my dick exploded, shooting out a huge gob of jism, followed by a series of only slightly less powerful spurts that filled her mouth. As I fingered her hair, she



“At one point she turned to Marian. ‘Let’s not let our guest get bored,’ she said. ‘Why don’t we entertain him with some girl-on-girl loving?’”

gulped two healthy swallows of spunk down her gullet. Slurping up the final dribbles, she let my dick fall from her lips and looked up at me.

“Was that good?” she asked.

“You can’t imagine,” I told her.

A little later, as we were

getting back into our clothes, she dropped the dreaded question on me. “Are you married?”

“No,” I told her. “No wife, no girlfriend. I was recently dumped by a bitch who left me with a broken pecker, until you came along.”

“Glad I could help you get it working again,” she smiled.

“What about you, Marian?” I asked her. “Are you married?”

“I have a significant other I’m living with,” Marian said. “She’s a great fuck.”

“She?” Well. It seemed this horny chick swung both ways. As we left the motel, she jotted down her phone number for me. “If you want to see me again, call me,” she said. “No obligations, of course.”

Well of course I wanted to see her again. That Friday evening I took her to a French restaurant. After dinner we went back to her condo, where Nancy, her lover, was waiting for us. She turned out to be a fiery redhead with a very sensuous body. Marian popped the cork on a bottle of champagne, and the three of us were nice and mellow by the time it was half empty. Nancy kept eyeballing me silently, and at one point she turned abruptly to Marian.

“Let’s not let our guest get bored,” she said. “Why don’t we entertain him with some girl-on-girl loving?”

With that the girls got naked and were soon down on the floor in a 69-style embrace, devouring each

other’s pussy. I undressed also, poised to join in. Seeing this, Nancy pulled her mouth from Marian’s crotch long enough to say, “Baby, your new guy is sporting a hell of a woody. I’d love to get it on with him, if you don’t mind sharing him with me.”

“What’s mine is ours,” Marian said, smiling, as she got up and plopped herself down in an easy chair. She hooked one leg over an arm of the chair, affording me a tantalizing view of her dripping twat.

“Do me on the floor,” Nancy said to me as she lay back down on the carpet, her long legs spread to expose a crimson pelt that matched the color of the long hair flowing over her shoulders. I happily went down on her, finding her clit with my tongue and wiggling it lightly. She began to squirm as I proceeded to lap her crotch from her clit to her anus and back. That clit grew erect beneath my tongue as I wormed a finger into her slit. My boner was clamoring to squirt its load in her pussy. She must have had the same idea. Grabbing both my arms, she pulled me up on top of her.

As I penetrated Nancy’s twat, Marian sat watching, strumming her clit with her thumbs as she finger-fucked her pussy. Nancy’s body thrashed beneath me as her vagina burst with moisture. I stiffened as my dick squirted semen deep into her cunt. She sucked in a sharp breath, her body

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arching up and convulsing against mine.

Marian now slid from her chair, and I found myself sandwiched between two nubile female bodies. In a moment Marian was sitting on my face, spreading her pink crotch meat over my mouth, as Nancy's lips and tongue worked my pole like a frantic cock junkie.

What a rags-to-riches turn in my sex life! Two days earlier I'd been just a lonely guy, ready to pay a hooker for a quick fuck. Now here I was being treated to the passionate ministrations of not one but two beautiful, eager and sex-hungry women.

The next time I saw the two ladies I took them both out to a nightclub, where we boozed and danced for several hours.

It was around one in the morning when we finally left. As we approached my car in the parking lot behind the club, Marian breezed past me to stand by the back wall, leaning against it and looking at me with a wanton expression. Her fingers lifted the hemline of her skirt, exposing the flimsy thong that barely covered her pussy.

"Right here?" I asked.

"And right now," Marian answered.

"We're out in the open," I pointed out. "What if someone walks by?"

"You scared of a little scandal over public fornication?" she said mockingly.

"I'm not. Just fuck me right here in the parking lot. Let them see it all. Anyone out

at this hour of the morning deserves to be treated to a live sex show."

"You are fucking crazy, girl," I protested. "Tell her, Nancy."

"Not so fast," Nancy said. "I'd like to see this. Go get

which was rapidly changing in size and shape.

Marian pulled her thong to one side, baring her twat. I placed my knob between her labia, pressing until they parted and her pussy was stuffed with dick meat.

am so fucking proud of you horny little fuckers!"

"Lower your voice," I pleaded as I zipped up my fly, "Let's go back to your place and have a nice quiet threesome behind closed doors."



her, guy. I'll be the lookout for you two."

Nancy then parked her ass on the hood of my car as Marian continued to lean against the wall, her fingers now playing with her pussy beneath the thong. I took an anxious glance around, but as far as I could ascertain there was not a soul in sight.

Stepping up to Marian, I unzipped my fly, reached in and extracted my cock,

Standing on one foot, she hooked a boot-covered leg over my rump. I began thrusting into her, pinning her ass to the wall with each plunge. We humped against the brick wall until a gusher of my sperm squirted deep into her cunt.

As I withdrew from Marian's clinging pussy, Nancy slid her ass off the hood of my car, cheering and clapping her hands. "Bravo, bravo!" she trilled. "I

Marian laughed "You just keep hanging out with us girls," she said, giving my butt a playful pinch. "Nancy and I will educate you on how to really have fun."

And oh, how right she was! In fact, those two girls have actually made me grateful to my ex-fiancée for dumping me, thus giving me the opportunity to know them and their insatiable pussies.—*F. D., Madison, Wisconsin*

She found a unique way to welcome her son's college friends

One Friday night last month my 41-year-old wife Dawn and I were waiting for our son Gary to return home from college for a long weekend. When it got to be around 10:30 we were starting to worry, because he normally arrived by nine or so. We called him on his cell phone, and when he answered he explained that he had two of his college friends with him, and they had stopped for a bite to eat, but they would be arriving soon.

Once our worries were allayed, I told Dawn I was going to bed. She said she wasn't tired, and would wait up for Gary and his friends. After giving her a kiss, I went to bed and slept soundly for the rest of the night.

Around seven in the morning I woke up to find that Dawn hadn't come to bed, so I figured she had fallen asleep on the sofa downstairs. I went down to check on her, and got quite a shock at what I found.

There was my wife of 20 years, asleep on the sofa, wearing only a pair of black panties. Her hair was a mess, and on closer inspection I noticed what appeared to be dried sperm coating her chest, with some also spotting her cheeks and lips, and even her hair. My heart skipped several beats, but my cock instantly began to throb with excitement.

As I stood looking down at her, she stirred and looked up at me with a half-smile on her face, and no guilt whatsoever in her eyes. All I could manage to say was, "What happened?" in a croaking voice.

My still lovely wife then told me how Gary and his friends had finally arrived around midnight. Gary had introduced them, and they'd all had a beer. Then Gary said he was tired and was going to bed, but his friends, Stan and Alex, weren't tired yet, so they opted to have another beer before retiring.

Dawn had been watching TV when they arrived, and now the three of them sat around looking at it as they drank their beer. At one point an infomercial came on, advertising some kind of anti-aging cream, and Dawn jokingly said she needed to order some of that. Alex spoke up to assure her that she didn't need it, and Stan quickly agreed. From there a mildly flirtatious conversation developed, with both the guys telling her that she could still attract men of all ages, even younger guys like them.

The alcohol and the sexy talk was beginning to take effect when, to prove what they were saying, Stan boldly stood up to show Dawn the bulge in his pants, saying it was because of her. He then offered to let her touch it. She did so briefly, and then almost before she realized it, both guys had their cocks out and were jerking



"Her hair was a mess, and I noticed what appeared to be dried sperm coating her chest, her cheeks and lips, even her hair"



off in front of her. She knew she should stop them, but instead she found herself taking over and stroking them both with her own hands.

She didn't protest when they started to undress her, down to her panties, running their hands over her, fondling her big tits and rubbing her crotch. She would not let them remove her panties, however, so they both stood close to her and jerked off, talking dirty to her until they both came, shooting their come all over her chest, face and hair.

After they recovered they thanked her and went up to bed in the guest rooms. Dawn drifted off to sleep, but some time later she was awakened by a hand sliding up her leg toward her crotch. She opened her eyes to see Alex, his hard cock in his hand, getting ready to climb on top of her. She said her first instinct was to stop him, but then she gave in and let him have his way. He pulled her panties aside and easily entered her, then began fucking her with urgent, forceful strokes.

I interrupted her then,

asking hastily, "Did he come in you?" and when she nodded I reached down to feel her warm wet crotch. Without even realizing it, I'd had my cock out the whole time she was talking, and now I lost it and shot my load all over her chest and neck. But I didn't go soft. In a fever of passion I yanked her panties down and mounted her, sinking my still hard cock into her warm, sloppy hole. It felt like fucking a dish of melted butter, and I fucked her wildly for 10 minutes before I came again, this time inside her.

That day we all acted as if nothing had happened the night before. I don't think Gary knew anything, and I pretended I didn't either, but I noticed a number of knowing glances among Dawn, Stan and Alex.

Late that night, after everyone had retired, and Dawn and I were lying in bed talking, she asked me if I would mind if she checked in on Stan to see if he needed anything. With my heart in my throat and my cock throbbing, I told her okay. She quietly got out of bed and made her way to Stan's room, not returning until sunrise the next morning. I was sure she had been thoroughly fucked as she collapsed on the bed beside me, and an intimate inspection confirmed my suspicions. I was instantly aroused, and I mounted her quickly for my own turn in her well-fucked hole.

That night she went to visit Alex the same way, but that time I snuck down the

hall to listen through the door as Alex fucked her. I heard giggles and some soft moans, then some gasps and a few muffled screams. I stood there for a while listening to these sounds, and to the creaking of the bed, before shooting my load on the floor and returning to our room.

Again Dawn returned at sunrise. This time she was limping slightly, and when I asked why, she told me that Alex had fucked her in the ass. She described how he had laid her face down on the bed and worked his cock into her tiny hole, nearly splitting her in half, according to her, and fucking her as hard as he could until he shot what felt like a quart of come in her ass. Her description drove me insane, and soon I too was in her rear passage, enjoying every moment as she moaned into the pillow until I came.

The boys left for school later that day, and both Stan and Alex thanked us both for being such pleasant hosts. I'm pretty sure they'll be coming home with Gary to visit us again at Christmas.—V.T., Hartford, Connecticut

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LETTERS

His friend took photos of his pregnant wife, but that's not all

This all took place about three years ago. My wife Jill was in her eighth month of pregnancy at the time, and with her swollen belly she looked like she would pop any day. It was her first pregnancy, and she was very proud and excited—so much so that she asked me if I would ask our next door neighbor Len, who was an amateur photographer, to take some pictures of her in her swollen condition. Len of course was very pleased to have the opportunity to demonstrate his skills.

We planned the photo session for a Sunday afternoon. Jill was looking really sharp and sort of sexy in her maternity outfit as we waited for Len to show up. The bright yellow dress she had on was rather short, and as she sat across from me on the couch I could see her bare thighs above her dark stocking tops. It was a very pleasant sight, and I felt my cock begin to stir in my pants. As Jill crossed her legs, exposing still more of her bare thighs, I wondered if she might consider canceling the photos so I could have sex with her; but even as I formulated these thoughts Len showed up with his camera, so I was stuck with my hard-on.

Len got started with his picture taking quickly. He began with half a dozen shots of Jill standing and showing a side view of her

large tummy. When she sat down again I couldn't help noticing that she had trouble sitting in a ladylike manner, especially in that short dress. She was showing a lot of stocking-covered leg, and of the naked flesh above her thigh-highs.

It didn't take me long to realize that Len was enjoying taking the pictures of her that way, even sitting on the floor to aim his camera up between my wife's legs.

"How about getting some really good pictures?" Len said then. "Why don't you take your dress off." To my surprise, Jill did not hesitate. She stood up and began to unbutton her dress from the top down. Within a minute the dress was open, and she was pulling it off her soft white shoulders.

Jill was not wearing a

slip, and she now stood in front of Len in her bra, white cotton panties, thigh-highs and black pumps. Her bra was much too small, and her breasts looked puffy and swollen, ready to nurse a baby. And the crotch of her panties did not completely cover her thick dark patch of pussy hair.

Len quickly took a few more pictures. Then he said, "Now take off the bra, okay?"

Jill unhooked her bra without pausing for thought. Her tits were indeed fuller than I had ever seen them before. Her nipples were very large and dark brown in color; in fact, from a distance they looked almost black. Len took a couple of close-up pictures of those tits, and then spoke up again. "Take your panties off," he told her.

Jill looked at me now, making eye contact for the first time since Len had started taking pictures. "Do you mind?" she asked me, a bit breathlessly, I thought.

"Go ahead," I said in a sarcastic tone. "Show him what you've got."

Jill did not take it sarcastically, however. She pulled her panties down her legs, and now she stood in front of our neighbor nude except for her stockings and shoes. My eyes were glued to my wife's big belly and her hairy pussy. Len's were too. He could not take his pictures fast enough. And there was a big smile on Jill's face.

Now the action began to pick up. Len directed my wife to pose in many stimulating and exciting positions, while he took pictures of her that had to be almost



pornographic. Jill was very cooperative, posing however he suggested, often with her legs spread wide open, showing her exposed cunt.

It occurred to me that I should be angry about what was going on—but angry at whom? At Len, for taking advantage of the opportunity to enjoy my wife? At Jill, for allowing herself to be taken advantage of? Or at myself, for allowing the two of them to have the fun they were obviously enjoying?

Len evidently couldn't get enough pictures of my wife's pussy area. But finally he placed his camera to one side and approached Jill as she sat on the sofa, giving her a gentle push so that she fell onto her back. I now watched as he took hold of her open legs, jack-knifing them and spreading them still further apart.

I could not believe what the two of them were about to do. Len's head was now just above my wife's lower belly, and he slowly began to lower his face into her hairy crotch. In a moment his face was buried between her thighs, and I saw his head move slowly up and down as he began to eat my wife's pussy. Jill's hands moved to his head, as though to pull it away, but she did not try very hard. Len had his mouth right where he wanted it, and was not going to be moved away, even if she had been serious about doing so, which was obviously not the case. Jill was moaning now, her eyes closed as she enjoyed the

ministrations of Len's mouth and tongue. I had never seen her in such heat.

After a few moments Len picked his head up and looked into my eyes. "Your wife tastes great," he told me. "I'm going to eat her wet, delicious pussy, and I want you to watch her enjoy it."

Again I watched my neighbor lower his head into my wife's crotch, and about half a minute later I watched her body stiffen and heard her let out a loud scream as she orgasmed. Len kept his head between her legs, lapping away at her twat.

When Jill recovered she said that she wanted to return the favor. And so I was treated to the sight of my neighbor placing his erection into my wife's mouth, and of her sucking him to a hard climax and then swallowing his semen. I had to admit it was exciting as hell.

I now have about three dozen great pictures of my wife. But it's what I saw after the pictures were taken that I will always remember.—*S.D., Washington, D.C.*

The lady filming their lovemaking was gay—but she had a plan

My wife Kim said she wanted to do something special for our anniversary, so she asked a good friend of hers named Delia if she would film us making love. She told me Delia was gay, so I shouldn't feel uncomfortable about it, which didn't really make a lot of sense to me,



but I wasn't about to argue with her.

Delia said she would be glad to do it, and on the day of our anniversary she showed up around five, wearing cutoff sweat pants and a halter top. Delia was a knockout brunette, about five feet seven with the figure of a model.

Kim had had a couple of drinks beforehand, so while I showed Delia how to work the camera, my wife got herself undressed and onto

the bed, and actually started playing with herself. She looked totally hot, and I quickly took off my own clothes and went to join her.

As I stood next to the bed, Kim rolled over, took my limp cock into her mouth and started to suck it hard, which took all of about 10 seconds. I then returned the favor by putting my head between her legs and running my tongue from her asshole to her clit and back, over and over again. I had

LETTERS

nearly forgotten about Delia as I treated my wife to a great tongue lashing, and to add a little spice I slid a finger up her ass. It wasn't till she told me she was ready for me to fuck her, and that she wanted Delia to guide my cock into her, that I remembered we were being filmed.

As I got into position over Kim's body, Delia grabbed my dick and rubbed it up and down my wife's slit until she found the entrance, and in I went. We went at it for about half an hour, and when I announced I was about to come, Kim asked me to come on her tits, which are particularly sensitive. So I pulled out, and as my wife held her tits together I sprayed a huge amount of come all across her chest.

I was still holding my dripping dick when I heard Kim ask Delia to suck her nipples.

"Honey," Delia said, "they're covered with all that male come, and you know I'm gay."

"Please," Kim persisted. "You know how hard and pointy they get when they're sucked. Please, pretty please?"

At that Delia shrugged and put down the camera, and I'll be damned if she didn't lower her mouth to Kim's tits, licking and sucking first one nipple, then the other, until they were standing straight out, and there was not a drop of come to be seen.

I had picked up the camera and was recording the

whole scene, and I kept filming as my wife pulled her friend's pants off, and they moved into a 69 position, with Kim on the bottom. The two of them were going 100 miles per hour on each other's pussy when my wife noticed that I was hard again. Hardly missing a lick, she motioned me closer and told me to straddle her head and fuck Delia from behind.

Well, that was a surprise, but what the hell. I set the camera on the dresser and got behind Delia. When I put my hands on her hips she gasped and turned around to look at me.

"Come on, Delia," Kim told her. "It won't hurt you to get fucked once in your life. Just enjoy it."

When Delia went back to licking my wife's pussy I

figured she was okay with it, and went ahead. As I slid inside her I couldn't believe how tight she was. I fucked her for about 20 minutes, gradually increasing my tempo. My wife meanwhile continued to lick her clit, until she stopped long enough to tell me to fuck Delia in the ass.

This brought a loud gasp from Delia, and she tried to move away. But Kim had a solid hold on her legs and kept her in position as she told her to just relax, and that she was in for a feeling she would never forget. I took a tube of lube from the nightstand and greased up my cock really well. Delia took in a huge gulp of air as I worked it into her tiny hole. I waited for a little bit to let her get used to it before I started moving in and out.

Delia was soon moaning and gasping, and then she cried out that she was coming. And come she did, spasming over and over again. I picked up the pace a bit, and I was about to come myself when my wife spoke up, saying, "Don't come in her ass, baby. Come in her pussy."

I managed to pull out and switch holes, but after the extreme tightness of her ass, Delia's pussy felt like a cavern, and my passion diminished. Jill asked me what was wrong, and before I could answer she drove two fingers up my ass, and I could feel her massaging my prostate. Well, that did it, and I came like never before. It felt as though every drop of liquid in my whole body was pulled out of me and into Delia. At



that point we all collapsed, me with my dick still inside Delia, Delia's fingers still up my wife's pussy, and Jill's fingers embedded in my ass.

Afterwards my wife confessed to me that the whole thing had been a plan, previously worked out between her and Delia, to get Delia pregnant. That was a month ago, and we're not sure as yet whether the pregnancy thing worked or not, but if it didn't I wouldn't mind giving it another try.—*L.G., Stowe, Vermont*

He bet the black man couldn't fuck his wife, but he hoped to lose

I had always had a fantasy about my wife Katy fucking another man, but when I finally told her about it she reacted by saying, "I've never slept with anyone else before, and at age 42 I don't intend to start now." Then she added, "Why would you want the mother of your three children to have sex with someone else anyway?"

I apologized profusely and let the matter drop. But a year later the idea came up again.

Leo is an attorney who works at my firm, and we had become close since he was hired three years ago. One day we were having lunch together when a waitress began flirting with him. Leo is black and good-looking, and that sort of thing happens to him a lot. We began talking about how white women are attracted

to black guys. Leo said he would bet me \$100 that he could fuck any woman I picked. I gave it some thought, then remembered my fantasy. "Okay, you're on," I said, and pulled out my wallet to show him my wife's picture.

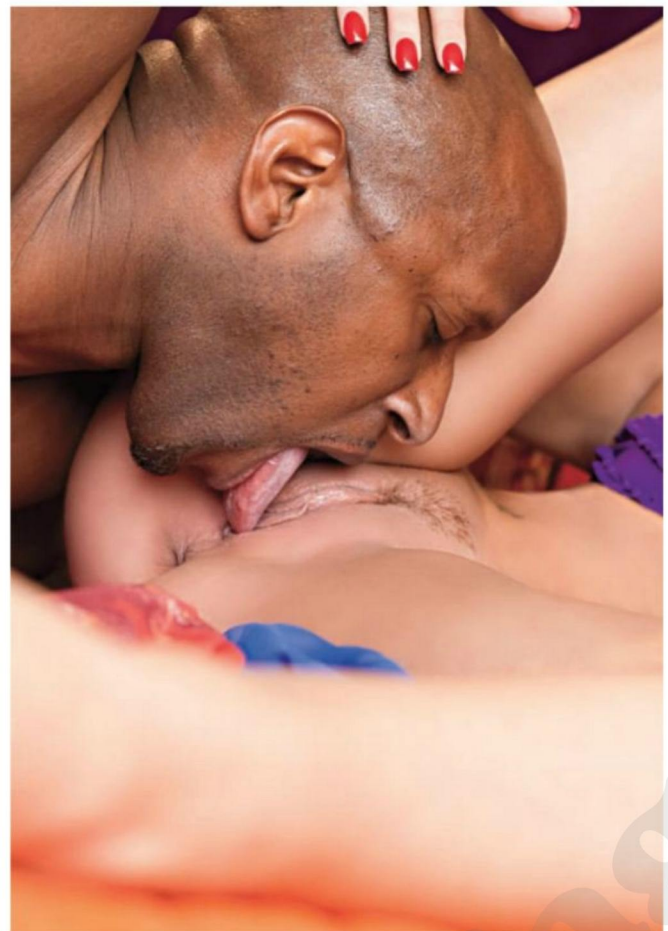
At 43, Katy was still in great shape, with long dark red hair, shapely legs and a tight round ass. Her face was very pretty, and her medium-size tits were topped with large, sensitive nipples. Leo looked at the picture and raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Your wife?" he asked.

I nodded. "If you still want to bet, you'll have an opportunity to meet her at the office party in two weeks."

"Okay, but don't cry if you don't like the outcome," he said, laughing. I assured him that I wouldn't, and that in fact if he succeeded it would be the best \$100 I ever spent. Then, to make it easier, we hatched a plan.

I told Leo to pick us up in his car the night of the party. I would pretend to drink too much, and after taking us home, he would pretend to have car trouble. In my drunken state, I would offer him our guest room, and then pass out, and he would have Katy to himself. Our three kids would be staying with friends and wouldn't be home.

The night of the party, Katy wore a very nice black knit dress that accentuated her curves. It was low-cut, showing a lot of cleavage, and had a slit in front that



allowed her to display her legs. Black stockings and high heels completed her very sexy ensemble.

Leo arrived to pick us up a little early, so we had some wine, and we all felt a little buzzed as we got into his car. Katy sat between us in the front seat. Her dress was pulled very tight; a lot of thigh was visible, and I could see that Leo noticed.

When we got to the party we had some more drinks, and Katy and Leo were already acting like old

friends, even though they just met that night.

At one point I went to the men's room, and when I returned Leo and Katy were dancing together. I felt very proud when I noticed a number of men checking her out as she danced.

When a slow song came on, she and Leo stayed on the dance floor. They danced closely and sensuously, and my cock throbbed. They danced together several times as the night wore on, until



"She purred, and he pushed her down on the sofa. She made no resistance now; she was obviously his to do with as he pleased"

around one in the morning the party started to break up.

When we got into Leo's car for the ride home I pretended to fall asleep, though I managed to take a peek at them from time to time. They made small talk as Leo drove, and at one point he put his hand

on Katy's exposed thigh. He then asked if she'd ever been with a black guy. Katy giggled nervously and said no, and then asked him if he'd been with a white woman. Leo said yes, and added that he loved fucking sexy white women like herself. "If you try it, I know you'll love it," he said then.

At that Katy reached down and removed his hand as he tried to slide it higher on her thigh. "My husband might wake up," she whispered.

"Nah, he's out for the count," Leo said. Then he took her hand and put it on his crotch.

"My God!" Katy said, and I nearly came in my pants. This time when he put his hand on her thigh she let him keep it there, though he didn't try to go higher now.

When we got to our house, with me still pretending to be passed out, they got me in and put me to bed. Leo then left, but not before I saw him kiss Katy good night, holding her close and sliding his hand down to squeeze and fondle her firm round ass. He held her like that till she pushed him away, saying that it wasn't right and he should go.

He did leave, but 10 minutes later, according to our plan, he was at the door, saying that his car had broken down. Katy tried to come in and wake me to tell me about it, but I pretended to be out cold, so she went back to Leo.

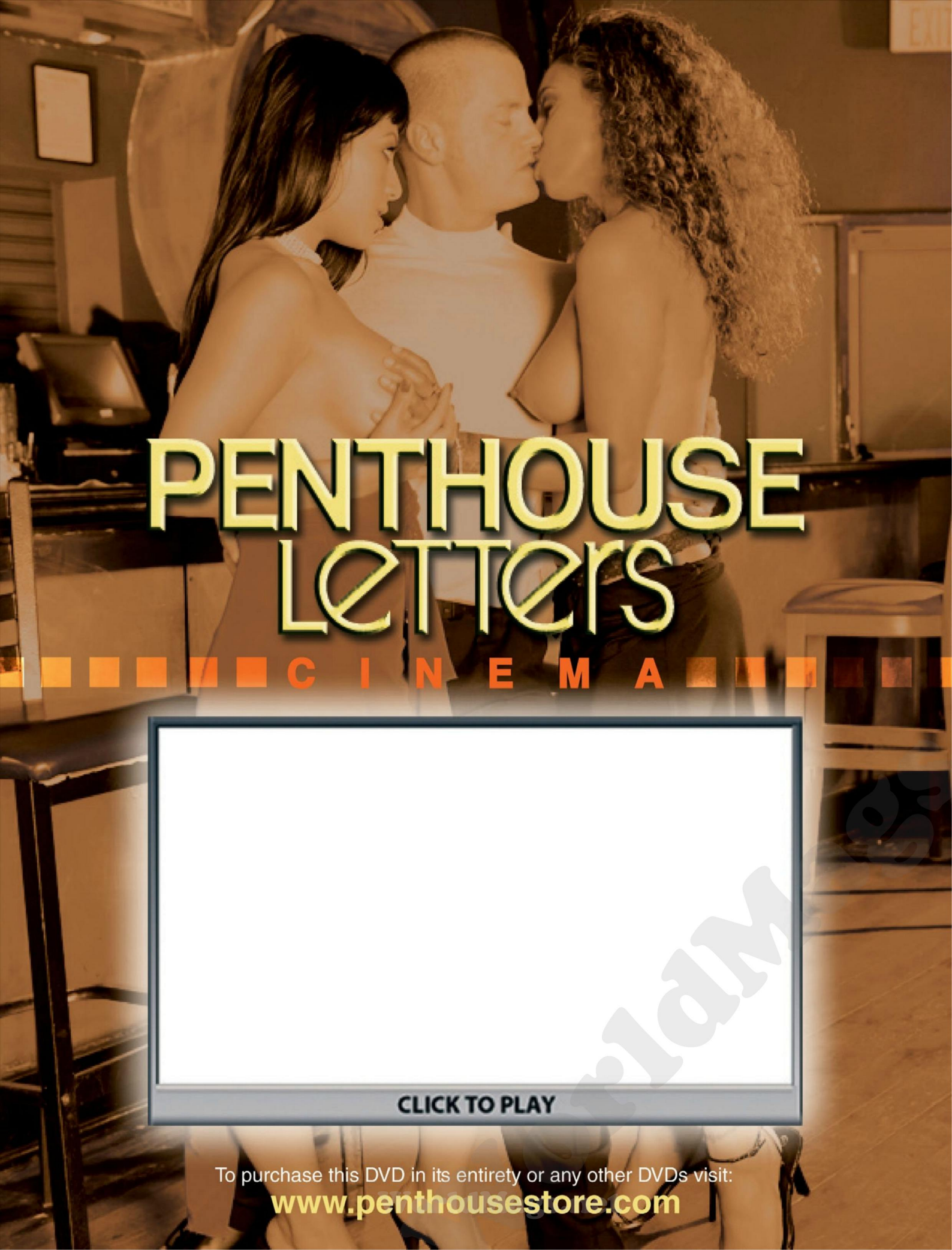
When I didn't hear anything for a while, I got up

and snuck down the dark hall to peer in at them as they sat on the living room couch. Leo's arm was around Katy's shoulders as he kissed her and nuzzled her neck. She purred, and he pushed her down on the sofa. She made no resistance now; she was obviously his to do with as he pleased. He pushed her dress to her waist to run his hands over her lower body.

"Let me up for a minute," Katy said, and when he did she got up and removed her dress. Then she undid her bra and stood in front of him in just her black panties and stockings. She offered her creamy breasts to him, and he began sucking on them as she moaned in passion.

After a few minutes he slid his hand inside her panties, playing with her pussy. His other hand played with her firm ass cheeks as he slowly worked her panties down till they fell to her ankles.

Katy jumped when he penetrated her anus with his finger, and I could soon tell from her gyrations and loud moans that she was coming. They kissed again, and he told her to sit on the couch so she could suck his cock. She obediently did so as he dropped his pants and undershorts to his ankles. My wife gasped at the size of his cock, then took it in both hands to stroke it before kissing the tip and opening her mouth to take it in, looking up at him as she did so. She was soon sucking and licking

A background image showing three people in a bar or club setting. A man with a shaved head is in the center, being kissed on the cheek by a woman with long dark hair on the left and a woman with curly hair on the right. The scene is dimly lit with warm, orange-toned lighting.

PENTHOUSE LETTERS

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LETTERS

him as though possessed, her head bobbing back and forth on his shaft. When she pulled back to kiss the tip again he told her to put it back in her mouth, as he was going to come.

She took him as deep as she could, fondling his big balls as she worked his cock. A second later he was throbbing and coming, and she swallowed feverishly as he gave her her first taste of his semen. She sucked him until he was soft, then let him go, licking her lips and smiling. "You were right," she said breathlessly, "I do love it." And she went back to sucking and licking him. When she put a finger up his ass his cock jumped to life again, more than ready to fuck her.

As my friend pushed my wife back onto the couch, I lost it and shot my load all over the hall floor. By the time I looked back up Leo had her legs over his shoulders, and she cried out as he drove into her and began fucking her hard. She was soon arching up at him in an effort to get more of his cock into her, her moans filling the room. After 15 minutes of frantic, animalistic fucking, Leo emptied himself inside her and collapsed on top of her, both of them sweating and breathing heavily.

I hurried back to bed then, and a few minutes later Katy slipped in beside me. Despite the temptation, I pretended to be out cold.

Katy never mentioned that night to me, and Leo refused my \$100, saying

that fucking Katy had been reward enough. He was happy Katy had had a great time, and my fantasy had been fulfilled. He's available whenever we want. I guess we were all winners.—V.C., *San Antonio, Texas*

out of bed and looked downstairs through the stair railings. There, sitting on the sofa, were my parents, with a black gentleman sitting across from them. My parents were in their mid-40s, but the black fellow had a

she was moaning. I got up again and moved quickly to my parents' bedroom door, which was slightly ajar. I looked in carefully, and got the shock of my life.

My mom and dad were on the bed all right, but so



He thought his parents were squares, but he found he was wrong

I was 18 years old and had just graduated from high school when it happened. My parents went out to a party one night, and had not returned by the time I went to bed around midnight. A little later I was awakened by voices downstairs, one of which I didn't recognize. Carefully, I got

lot of gray showing, and I guessed him to be at least 60, maybe 65. He also seemed to have the best seat in the house, as my mom was wearing a short green skirt and her legs were partly open, giving him a lot of scenery to admire.

I went back to bed, but later I was awakened again, this time by sounds coming from my parents' bedroom. I could hear my mom's voice, and it sounded as though

was the black man whom I had seen earlier. Mom was flat on her back, her green skirt in a bundle around her waist. My dad was holding her in position, but she didn't seem to be struggling or anything. The black man was lying on his stomach, his face close to my mom's crotch. Her legs were jackknifed and spread wide, and I could see that her panties were gone.

My cock sprang to life as

I watched the stranger now busily eating my mom's snatch. She was twisting and wriggling now in my dad's grasp while he watched the black man lapping away at his wife's pussy. "Oh my God, Dan!" my mom groaned out, as he licked his way from her pussy down to her asshole. Much as she was squirming and twisting, she seemed to be having the pleasure of her life. Dan's head was bobbing like a cork on water between my mom's thighs, and my dad obviously couldn't take his eyes from the sight.

Needless to say, I had a big hard-on from watching this, and my right hand went down to my crotch and started stroking it.

The sounds my mom was making got even louder now, and her body started to buck convulsively. Then came the loudest cry of all, the kind of cry I had heard before when listening to my dad bringing her to orgasm.

But that wasn't the end of it. Dan now pulled down his pants and shorts, exposing what looked like the largest cock in the world. My mom pulled out of my dad's grip as she stared at Dan's large weapon. Then she bent down and took it in her mouth.

She could only get maybe three or four inches of that dick into her mouth, but what she did take in she really worked over. I couldn't stop myself from coming in my pants as that huge cock exploded, filling my mom's mouth. A lot of thick white

come escaped her lips and ran down the front of her blouse.

Depleted now, I quickly went back to bed, thinking that my parents were obviously not as square as I had thought. I wondered if I would be seeing Dan again.—*Name and address withheld*

Wife watching is fine, but she wanted to try husband watching

My husband and I are huge fans of your magazine. It is our "go to" resource for spicing up our sex life. My husband particularly enjoys the "Wife Watching" issue, and loves to fantasize about watching me being fucked by a big-dicked stranger. So he was very surprised when, during a recent game of "Truth or Dare," I told him that I wanted to reverse the roles for a change, and dared him to let me watch him with another woman. Yes—instead of it being him watching me getting plowed by a huge cock, I told him I wanted to be the voyeur, and to watch his not inconsiderable dick plowing into a strange pussy.

I don't find this kind of situation treated very much in your magazine, probably because your fan base is mostly men. My husband loves the stories about guys watching their wives getting fucked by a stranger, a coworker, some guys she picks up or whatever. We've never actually done that, as I am not ready for that kind of action . . . yet. But



"She could only get maybe three or four inches of that dick into her mouth, but what she did take in she really worked over"

LETTERS

I wanted to try something different, and I figured what could be more different than giving him the green light to fuck another woman?

Once George, my husband, got over his first surprise, he laughed his ass off. "Good one!" he chortled. "For a second I thought you were serious." When I just stood there staring at him unsmilingly, he stopped laughing and asked me if I really was.

"As a heart attack," I replied. I then explained that although I wasn't ready to let him watch me with a strange man, I thought I could readily handle doing it the other way around. As I proceeded to tell him my thoughts, I found myself becoming more and more aroused. I even went so far as to say that perhaps, depending on the woman, I might even join in the game.

Once George was con-

vinced that he wasn't being set up, or being put to some kind of test, we worked out the details of just how we were going to make this fantasy a reality. We didn't want the woman to be anyone we knew, for obvious reasons. But seeking out a stranger came with its drawbacks as well. We thought about an escort service, but the idea of paying for it did not appeal to either of us. Finally we decided to put things on the back burner for a bit while we thought about how to proceed.

Then one day, while I was working out at the gym, I became aware of this really hot-looking redhead who was causing a commotion at the front desk. (It's funny, but since starting this discussion with my husband I found myself checking out women everywhere I went.) This feisty little minx was obviously pissed about something; she was shaking her head and wagging her finger in the face of the receptionist. Suddenly, she slammed her fist on the desk, gave the receptionist the middle finger and stormed out.

I had to laugh. The look on the receptionist's face was priceless. She didn't seem to know what had hit her. I can't explain it, but for some reason I was struck by the conviction that that hot little redhead was just the girl we were looking for. I slid off my exercise bike, and without even bothering to change I charged out of the gym to see if I could catch up with her.

I found her in the gym's parking lot, screaming obscenities into her cell phone. I hesitated for just a second; she was so fierce I had a vision of her ripping my husband's dick off in a moment of anger. But I still had a feeling in my gut that this woman was going to be the perfect addition to our bedroom play.

She turned her back to me as I approached, still shouting into her cell phone. I decided to wait it out and let her get her anger out of her system. After a minute she snapped the phone shut and turned my way again. "What the hell do you want?" she snapped at me.

I told myself I wasn't going to be intimidated by this woman. Looking her straight in the eye, I replied: "You."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" she snarled. "I'm a little busy, in case you haven't noticed."

Now normally I would look upon a person acting this way as a total bitch, and proceed to give her a dose of her own vitriolic medicine. But this woman was different. For some reason, the fire in her eyes was a total turn-on. I was on a mission here, and her smart-ass mouth and attitude only seemed to confirm what I'd felt the second I saw her: she was going to fuck my husband!

"Look," I said. "I have something to ask you. You think we could get a cup of coffee or something, and have a civil conversation?"

The girl looked at me



suspiciously and lit up a cigarette. "What's this all about?" she demanded.

I told her my name and said I had a kind of proposition for her. That seemed to interest her somewhat, though she still looked suspicious. Finally she agreed to accompany me to the coffee shop next to the gym.

As we sat over our coffee she told me her name was Loretta, and again demanded to know what I wanted. So I gave it to her straight, feeling that the faster I got it out the easier it would be—kind of like ripping off a Band-Aid. But the utter silence that followed my explanation, not to mention the look of stunned surprise—almost shock—on Loretta's face, suddenly had me questioning my own mental stability. What the hell was I thinking, I wondered, asking this complete and quite possibly insane stranger to fuck my husband? I felt like getting up and running out of there before she started screaming at me again.

But just when I thought I was about to get slapped across the face, or worse, Loretta narrowed her eyes, licked her lips and asked to see a picture of my husband. Feeling as though I'd dodged a bullet, I fetched a photo of George from my purse and showed it to her.

It seemed that instead of being offended, Loretta was actually rather intrigued by my proposition, and once she saw George's picture she was evidently hooked.



Understandably, however, she was still concerned that she was being set up. I assured her over and over that George and I were completely legitimate, and that we were just looking to fulfill a fantasy and embellish our sex life. I explained how we had agreed that we didn't want the woman to be someone we knew, but that we'd had qualms about bringing in a stranger; but something about her had made me think she was the

"What in the hell was I thinking, I wondered, asking this complete and quite possibly insane stranger to fuck my husband?"



only one for this venture. In the end I convinced her, and we settled on that Friday night as the time when we would go through with the plan.

Loretta had one other reservation: she made it quite clear that she was strictly heterosexual, and asked me if that would be a problem. I told her no, it wouldn't; but what I didn't tell her was that I actually got a little turned on imagining me and her making out after she and my husband had fucked like animals. But the fact was that I wasn't even sure I could go through with having sexual relations with another female.

As soon as I got home I told my husband all about Loretta. Well, not exactly all; he probably would have run for the hills if I had told him what she was like. Hot sex or not, George isn't into crazy chicks. Even as it was, he took some convincing at first. I mean, it's not every day your wife comes home and tells you she's found the perfect woman for you to fuck.

But I brought him around in the end, and I found

myself strongly turned on again. I started to undress him as I went on telling him how attractive Loretta was, and when he was naked I began sucking on his cock. In between slurps I'd add another sexy tidbit about Loretta, and I could feel his boner get bigger in my salivating mouth. Finally I got up, bent over the couch and told him to fuck my dripping pussy—hard!

He was on me in a flash. My pussy was so wet I could feel my nectar rolling down my thighs as George shoved his dick in and out of my slippery snatch. After about a minute of non-stop thrusting he let out a howl and I, a scream as we erupted in a fantastic mutual orgasm. I was literally shaking with little shocks of erotic bliss. We were more than ready for Loretta.

After that I decided it would be a good idea to hold off on any further sexual activity with each other, so that we would be even more prepared for the big day, which couldn't come soon enough, as far as I was concerned. By Friday afternoon I was almost crawling out of my skin, and Loretta wasn't due until six o'clock. At one point, as I was making up the bed, I couldn't help visualizing George and Loretta writhing on it, their sweaty bodies thrusting and heaving. Finally I lay down on the bed, opened my legs good and wide, sucked on three of my fingers and proceeded to strum myself to a stomach-clenching climax.

I couldn't even imagine how many times I would bring myself off, or how intense my orgasms would be, when I was actually watching them fucking, sucking, licking, kissing . . .

Anyway, the time came at last, and when the bell rang I went to the door to greet Loretta. She looked stunning. She was wearing a beautiful red dress that accented her luscious figure. Her hair was down, her green eyes were perfectly made up, and she smelled scrumptiously like watermelon, all ready to be devoured. I told her she looked fabulous, and led her into the living room to meet George.

As soon as she walked into the room I could tell that George was impressed. His eyes all but ate her up. He stood up, and she walked up to him and gently kissed his cheek. The boner in his pants was obvious, and he started to apologize, but Loretta silenced him with another kiss. This time it was a full mouth-on-mouth lip lock that had my clit pulsing. When she broke the kiss, Loretta said, "No need to apologize. I mean, that's the whole point of this evening, isn't it?" We all chuckled and had a drink.

As one drink became three, Loretta and my husband seemed to really be hitting it off. Just as I was going to suggest we take the party into the bedroom, Loretta took matters into her own hands. Without preamble she stood up, peeled off her dress and straddled

"As I was making the bed I couldn't help visualizing George and Loretta writhing on it, their sweaty bodies thrusting and heaving"

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my husband's lap.

Her body was incredible, her skin flawless. The white bra-and-panty set she had on really accentuated her curves. The skimpy panties barely covered her ass, and I was mesmerized by those two round, biteable globes of gorgeous flesh. But my attention was brought back by the sounds of heavy breathing and wet,

clit. I came in an instant, letting out a scream, but it was as if Loretta and George didn't even know I was there. They just kept on feeling each other up and pulling at each other's clothing.

Finally George ripped himself away from her, standing up to take off what was left of his clothes, while Loretta lay on her back on the sofa, her breasts rising

pulling George by the hair, screaming for him to suck her clit as she rode his face until her orgasm finally subsided. It was the hottest thing I had ever witnessed.

A minute later George pulled his head from between Loretta's legs, his face soaked with her juices. He then crawled over to me, ripped my panties off, and held me by my wrists as he

seemed like minutes.

"Now, that was hot!" I heard Loretta say as my mind started to clear. "C'mon, guys, let's go fuck! If his tongue can make my body do that, I can't wait to see what he does with his cock!"

I told them to go on ahead while I got my mind and body to function more or less normally again.

"I heard Loretta say, 'C'mon, let's go fuck! If his tongue can make my body do that, I can't wait to see what he does with his cock!'"

sloppy kissing. My husband's hands were all over Loretta's body. It was as if he didn't know where to start, as there was so much to explore.

I sat with my eyes glued to the scene before me, absolutely blown away by how beautiful and hot they looked. The way Loretta's hips were writhing as she squirmed over my husband's crotch made her panties wedge even deeper into the crevice between her ass cheeks. George was bucking up to meet her thrusts, both of them panting like dogs in heat. I was so turned on! I sat back in my chair and thrust my hand into my pants, working my fingers into my sloppy cunt, while letting the elastic of my panties stimulate my

and falling with her rapid breathing. He looked over at me and winked, but I was too lost in lust to respond, my hand busy again with my dripping pussy.

Loretta spread her long, gorgeous legs as George knelt down, pulled the thin crotch of her panties to one side and buried his head in her snatch. I watched in fascination as my husband made a meal out of this woman. Her head was rolling back and forth, her cries were loud and sexy. At one point she looked me dead in the eyes and said, "Oh fuck, my pussy is so fucking hot! He's gonna make me come! Oh my God he's so fucking good! Your husband is gonna make me come!" And with that she spiraled completely out of control,



ate my pussy to an earth-shattering orgasm, such as I had seldom experienced before. My heart felt as though it would pop out of my chest as I felt the waves of pleasure wash over my body as they worked their way down to my cunt. I finally exploded into my husband's mouth, my spasms continuing for what

Once up on my shaky legs I made my way back to the bedroom, where I was immediately aroused again by the sight of Loretta, on all fours, grabbing at the sheets as George slammed his rock-hard dick in and out of her eager cunt. I didn't think I had the strength to masturbate anymore, but I couldn't



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help myself. My pussy was on overdrive, and no matter what was done to it, it seemed to crave more.

And that's how the night went. My husband and Loretta fucked like newlyweds, while I sat in the chair masturbating continuously. I believe I actually passed out at one point, from a combination of utter bliss and constant orgasms.

As she prepared to leave the next morning, Loretta kissed George and thanked him for an amazing evening, then sank to her knees and gave him a loving blowjob. Rising, she then turned to me and shared his juice with me as she kissed me good-bye, saying that we should do this again, soon.

As the door closed behind her, my husband grabbed me, threw me over his shoulder, raced to the bedroom and tossed me onto the bed. In a minute he was inside me, grunting and thrusting as if he was starved for sex. And, just as surprisingly, my body responded as if it hadn't been touched in weeks. As we looked into each other's eyes, my husband gave one last thrust, and

that was all it took. We both exploded, and I heard him say he loved me as I felt his jism spurting into my pussy, filling me up and running down the crack of my ass.

That was not the last time we saw Loretta. She is now a regular visitor to our bedroom, and we have even started to discuss the possibility of she and I fucking around. I'm still not 100 percent sure I want that, and neither is she, though she said she's leaning toward it. But for now we're content with the way things are, and George feels like the luckiest guy in the world!—*R.G., Denver, Colorado*

He can't stay away from his wife—after she's had another guy

I never tire of watching Victoria, my petite, beautiful wife of 18 years having sex with other men—after which I kiss and lick every inch of her pretty body, and finally screw her myself. She excites me so much that I sometimes get off by pumping my uncircumcised cock against the bed sheets while licking the juices and semen from her previous fuck out of her neatly trimmed pussy. She usually gets off from that too, even if she's had earlier orgasms with our fortunate guest.

Sometimes her lover of the moment leaves after blowing his load a time or two, and I spend the next few hours playing with her, but quite often he stays the night, and we take turns fucking her until I retire to

the sofa, letting them sleep together. Most of the men who stay overnight give it to her again in the morning, and I jack off as I listen.

The first time Victoria and I did this we were away from home, and it was supposed to be a one-time-only experience; but now we enjoy this activity nearly every week. We try to keep the number of men Victoria fucks down to one or two at any given time, but lately she has added another man, who she fucks at his place while his wife is at work. I like this arrangement very well, because she always has to leave before his wife gets home, and I get to play with my post-fucked beauty for the rest of the evening.

Unfortunately, it hasn't always been this way for us. It took nearly four years for me to convince Victoria to try sex with other men, and a little longer for her to let me join in. Reading the letters in your magazine about all the couples whose lives were actually enhanced by this practice was what finally convinced her to take the plunge. I am extremely grateful to you for that, and now Victoria is too. We'll have more to share!—*P.L., Richmond, Virginia*

Seeing is believing. When you have the encounter you've been looking for, let us know about it. Send your letter to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SW, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005. Or e-mail your letter to: letters@ffn.com

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

French Lover's Sex Lesson

Her husband is delighted that she has a wise older lover to enhance the passion they share, and also add the delectable flavor of France

I'm not sure why my husband would get off on having thousands of people read about my love life, but he asked me to write this letter and I can't deny him his pleasure.

We are very happily married, and the addition of my lover Yves has seemed to *enhance* our sex life. He comes to this country regularly on business, and for three years now we have seen each other every three months for two or three days at a time. My husband insists it would be a pity not to share some of my stories of our escapades with your readers.

I'm 38, with three daughters. To describe myself I would say I'm a tall brunette, five feet six, 36C. My men say that I get plenty of lustful looks when I'm out on the street. My husband wants me to add that I keep my bush nicely trimmed, almost bare, and that both he and Yves say I have a butt that really turns men on. Also, my nipples are always erect.

I will say, I love my guys and they give me a lot of

pleasure. Yves is a lot of years older than I am (his wife died many years previously), big and tall in every way. He's *very* handsome. I still remember how wet he got me when he first came on to me three years ago. When he got me to a hotel, he fucked me—and *came—five times!* Even now he can sometimes come three or four times a day.

Anyway, I was reminiscing recently with my husband about a particular adventure Yves and I had, so I thought I would write it down. It was April, and he came by the house to pick me up just after my husband got home. We sat and talked for an hour, and Yves visited with the girls.

Finally, telling the girls I was off to a writers' conference with Yves (I'm a playwright), we drove to a really cute country inn not far from his company's US. site. I always have some butterflies in my stomach, because even though my husband encourages our liaison, what I was doing is judged illicit by most of society.

We checked in as man and wife, which seemed to make my tall lover (he's six feet four) strut a bit on the way to our room, which was on the second floor. He carried our bags up the stairs, and when we got to our door put them down and started kissing me *right there in the hallway!* I tried feebly to push him away, but he was insistent. He had his big hands all over me and was making my pussy really wet. I felt his hardness against me.

Finally he broke the kiss and unlocked the door. We didn't even notice the room, but tore each other's clothes off. Yves pushed me down on the bed and spread my soaking-wet pussy lips with his fingers. Without a word he slowly pushed his big uncircumcised cock right in me! I was so wet, it just *slid in*. He hadn't had sex since the last time I'd seen him, three months earlier, and he was like a starving man.

The bed was one of those high-off-the-floor four-posters, the perfect height for my giant Frenchman to





LETTER OF THE MONTH



"He came with a shout, then pulled out and let me lick him clean. It wouldn't be long before he was hard again"

power his way straight into my "wide-open *chat*," as he likes to call it. There was no time for foreplay. I curled my feet around his back and pulled him deep into me. His cock is somewhat longer and fatter than my husband's, and it felt fantastic. His being uncircumcised

is a treat for an American girl. By now he was groaning and telling me how much he missed me and my *chat*, and I was moaning nonstop. After about 15 minutes of hard fucking, he came inside me with a shout, then pulled his lovely tool out and let me lick him clean.

We lay together catching our breath. I knew it wouldn't be long before this love machine was hard again. We talked and snuggled and stroked each other's body. I just adore his massive and not-at-all-fat body.

He was getting a bit hard again, but I realized I was very hungry. It was already eight o'clock at night and in that sleepy town things close early. Reluctantly, we got up. Yves wanted to see what clothes I had brought. I opened my suitcase and he saw his favorite red polka-dot dress. I had only intend-

ed to wear it in the room for him, but he insisted I put it on to go out. I can't wear a bra with it because it has a low back, so I didn't, though that made me extremely self-conscious—as I said, my nipples are always hard, and stick out at the most inconvenient times!

We drove to an intimate restaurant and ate dinner. (I certainly don't remember what!) We sat side by side on the banquette, French-style, and much of the time Yves had his hand up my dress. Since we were protected from view by a big tablecloth, I let him, and all through dinner I felt his come dripping out of me and soaking my white cotton underpants.

It wasn't terribly comfortable, so when I went to the bathroom I took the panties off. There was a big load of semen in them. I scooped out some and licked it, then threw the panties in the trash pail. As I walked back toward the table, Yves watched me intently weaving among the tables with my big breasts bouncing gently. I sat back down next to him, and before long he discovered my naked pussy. He went crazy with lust! He said he'd never touched anyone's bare cunt in public before.

We must have made quite a picture there in this uptight little country town—a man with a woman 20 years his junior, both squirming all over the banquette. I hope the onlookers were scandalized! When we left, I confess that I myself strutted a bit, just to show all those

staid, uptight folks what they were missing.

Even when we got back to the hotel and stepped out of the car, Yves's come was still oozing out of me. In the hotel lobby we stopped to say something to the nice woman at the desk, and some of it plopped right down on the wood floor between my feet! When I mentioned this to Yves on the way upstairs, he laughed and laughed!

This time when we got to the door Yves kept the key in his pocket and told me to unbutton the dress right there in the hallway! He can be very commanding when he wants, and I guess I can be a bit submissive. There was no one around, so I did what he said, unbuttoning the dress all the way down. Then he said, "Show me everything," so I held it open. I looked down at my naked body and saw dried come all over my leg.

Yves stood back and admired the view. Then he said, "Take the dress all the way off, Michelle, and hand it to me." Just *the way he said my name* was electric! I did as he said. Until this point if someone had come out of their room I could have just closed the dress up. But now, as I *handed* him the dress, I was totally vulnerable.

"Turn around," he said.

I know Yves adores my ass. So does my husband, for that matter, but my husband has never seen it naked in a hotel corridor! I turned around and then turned my head and saw

the lust in Yves's eyes. It was an amazing moment. My nipples were hard as rubies. I was so nervous, my heart was pounding.

In his French accent Yves said, "Spread your legs," and I did. He said, "Bend over, my beloved mistress—*all the way*." His command was thrilling, and made me feel completely wicked and depraved. I bent slowly to the floor from my waist with my knees straight so that my dripping cunt was completely exposed to him. It must have been a few seconds, but to me it seemed like forever.

Finally he said, "You may stand now." Ever so slowly he pulled the key card out of his pocket and handed it to me. I opened the door, and when we were in the room I got down on my knees and begged him to let me lick his cock. I really wanted to *serve* him. He walked over to me, unzipped his pants and let me have his hot and hard member. It was unbelievably sexy being totally naked in front of him while he was fully dressed. As I took his huge tool in and out of my mouth, I looked up at him and gave him my best "sex slave" look.

After a while he told me, "Get on the bed. This cock is going to fill up your wet *chat*." While I lay there, he undressed slowly, carefully folding his pants, putting his shirt on a hanger and deliberately taking his time until he was nude. He walked over to the bed, raised my legs to my shoulders and thrust his throbbing thick



dick in me. God, it was sexy! After maybe ten minutes of that he got me on my knees and, after filling me back up with his delightful member, spanked my bottom. Holding onto me with his left hand, he spanked my right cheek four or five times.

Blood surged to my ass and cunt. We were on fire.

Yves continued to fuck me hard, often reaching around to play with my swinging breasts. Then he said to look in the mirror over the desk. I hadn't realized how perfectly placed it

LETTER OF THE MONTH



was. He loves watching us make love in mirrors, and it was really something to watch his big cock piston in and out of me and see my tits swing back and forth with every thrust. After announcing that he was going to fill me up with his hot

seed, he slammed into me while gripping my hips and spewed another big load inside me.

After that I took my bath and we fell asleep in each other's arms. In the morning when I woke up Yves got on top of me and slipped his

hardness in me without saying a word. After he came, he cleaned up and got ready to leave for a day at his nearby office. I like to sleep late, so after that lovely morning session of coitus I fell fast asleep.

I woke up late, had coffee and tried reading a book, but it was like my body was on fire, my hormones were raging so much. I slipped off my white robe, which I had worn down to the lobby to get myself some coffee, and sat on the edge of the bed looking over at the mirror where I had watched us make such hot love the night before. I almost never do this, but soon I started to touch myself all over. I don't remember ever masturbating with such passion.

I watched in the mirror as my pussy lips swelled open and got all moist. I slipped a finger inside and started to get *really* excited. It felt so naughty, and so *right*. I slipped down onto the nice soft rug and really let loose. I sopped up the wetness emanating from my pussy and strummed my clitoris furiously with my wet fingers while pinching my nipples with the other hand.

I couldn't believe I was doing this! Sometimes I do masturbate to help myself fall asleep at night, or I'll stroke myself for my husband's viewing pleasure, but almost never just out of raw lust, especially all alone in the middle of the morning! I started coming, and it went on and on. I bucked up and down on the floor, moaning. I slipped my hand

down and found so much juice running out of me that the carpet was damp. Afterward, I just lay there in a daze of delight.

I don't know what I did for the rest of the day, but around four in the afternoon I got ready for Yves's return to the room. I put on the tight sheer white negligee my husband had bought me and my see-through white thong. I heard him coming down the hall. I had left the door latch so that it held the door unlocked.

When Yves walked in, I was on the bed facing him, stroking my pussy with one hand while the other held the thong aside. He said, "You know, anyone could have walked in this door," and I asked if it turned him on knowing some strange man might have come in and helped himself to my treasures. He said that *everything* about me turned him on, and took his clothes off as fast as he could—no neat folding this time!

His cock was already hard. He came over to me and spread my legs, then grasped my thong with both hands and literally tore it off me. This was so sexy, I couldn't believe it. Then he thrust his big tool in and fucked me like a wild man. After a while he pulled out, got on his back and told me to mount him. I got on top of him and slid down over his big shaft. He had me strip off the negligee, then feasted on my hard nipples.

After a while he pushed me up and said he knew that I was very fond of

horses when I was younger.

"Yes," I said breathlessly.

"So now," he continued, "you like riding *cocks*, don't you? Hmm?"

I said that I did indeed love cock-riding, and started to roll up and down on his big frame just like posting on a horse. Because of how big he is, when I ride him just right, my clitoris rubs up and down on his pubic area and I get the most overwhelming erotic sensations.

After a glorious ride for at least ten minutes, Yves said he had an idea. I dismounted, and he got off the bed. He pulled a hassock to the middle of the room, then got on it, with his precious cock pointing straight at me. He beckoned me over, then leaned back, resting his arms on a chair, and said, "It's time for your French lesson, *chérie*."

I walked over to the hassock and impaled myself on him while facing him. The hassock was a perfect height. I started posting up and down on him while he thrust up into me with every beat. He said, "This is called *chevraucher*"—mounted on a horse. He was so big that it really was like the bareback horse-riding of my teen years. It was just unbelievably sexy.

I realized I was about to come, something I rarely achieve in intercourse with my beloved husband. Yves said he could feel my pussy muscles contracting, and I cried out, "Fuck me harder." He readily obliged and started slamming up into my



cunt. I wailed like a banshee as I came, which caused him to shoot up into me at the same time. That may have been the most intense sex I have ever had. Even now, *just retelling* this story to my husband is guaranteed to get me a great fucking every time.

When we had time to catch our breath, with Yves's softening tool still inside me, he told me that I was the hottest lover he had ever had, with the tightest pussy. I stood up slowly and his member plopped down on the hassock, all covered

"He said he knew I was fond of riding horses when I was younger. 'So now you like riding cocks, don't you?'"

with creamy come from both of us. Thank God the hassock was made of vinyl and washable!

We napped for a long time then, and when we awoke, we talked until dinnertime. Yves reached for me, but I rebuffed him, pointing out that it was din-

nertime. He pinned me to the bed and said, "Yes, it is. You know, now that you mention it, I *am* hungry."

It was an amazing few days. I hope you publish this letter so both of my men can read it, and maybe a few others as well.—M.T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

FICTION by Charles Graves

Training Tracy



**It was the first time
Sloan had invited Tracy
to a Tri-X party, and she
didn't want to leave,
even if that meant
going along with
some strange
requests**

"Wait," Tracy whispered, grabbing Sloan's hand just as it slipped in her panties. "Not here. Not now." She tried to keep him from touching her pussy, but it was too late. His index finger slid down over the sensitive bud of her clit and curled into wet flesh.

Sloan chuckled. "Why, Tracy Sanders, you little blonde Barbie Doll slut! Your big blue eyes look so innocent, but your pussy is dripping like melted butter. Watching porn must have turned you on."

They were sitting in a club chair in the entertainment room of the Tri-X fraternity house, where half a dozen other couples were making out, occupying similar chairs or sharing space on a pair of leather couches. The furniture was arranged around a large carpet-covered table, six feet in diameter and a couple of feet high.

Tracy was cuddling next to Sloan, her cheek on his shoulder. He had one hand under her T-shirt, which was imprinted with the message "YES, THEY'RE REAL AND THEY'RE SPECTACULAR!" His other hand was inside her panties, exploring her wet pussy.

"Am I right, Tracy? Did watching porn turn you on?"

Tracy blushed and whispered shyly, "Yes."

"Yes *what?*"

"Yes, it turned me on."

The group in the entertainment room had spent the last hour watching home-made porn downloaded from a site that specialized in college porn. Now Sloan pulled Tracy close and whispered in her ear: "Show me how much it turned you on to watch those college girls suck those big jock cocks. You take off your T-shirt and shorts."

Tracy leaned back and looked at Sloan, wondering just how serious he was. From the look in his eyes, she knew he meant what he said. They had dated only a couple of months, but she knew when he had that look she would either have to do what he asked or leave. This was the first time he had invited her to a Tri-X party, and she didn't want to leave.

"Do it, Tracy. Now." Sloan's soft tone belied the insistent authority behind his words. Tracy loved the power and confidence he exuded. His dominant attitude toward her was a tremendous turn-on. So far she had acquiesced to his every request. But so far he hadn't asked her to strip in public.

Sloan's eyes narrowed. "Do it!" he said. "Take off your cutoffs and your T-shirt. And your panties."

Tracy hesitated, nervous, almost trembling. But she was also aroused.

She looked around the room at the other couples. The petting was becoming hot and heavy, and no one was paying attention to her and Sloan.

"Tracy?" The edge in Sloan's voice made her turn back quickly. He raised an eyebrow. "Well?"

Tracy sat up and stripped off her T-shirt, baring her breasts. They were, indeed, spectacular.

She glanced around the room. Still no one was paying attention to her and Sloan. She unsnapped her denim cut-offs and lifted her hips to work the tight shorts and the thong down over her legs. Now completely naked, she wasn't sure if she was more embarrassed or aroused.

Sloan pulled her toward him. "Come sit on my lap."

Tracy moved up onto his lap, sitting sideways to shield herself from the other students. "No," he said, "sit with your back to my chest. I want to play with your breasts. And spread your legs. Show off your hot pussy."

Tracy did as Sloan said, turning her back to his chest and spreading her legs, opening her pussy wide. Like all the girls she knew, she was shaved bare, revealing every detail of her wet slit and puffy pink lips. Her embarrassment was slowly being overcome by her increasing arousal. Now she *wanted* someone to look over and see what Sloan was having her do.

Sloan reached around from behind and began to caress Tracy's breasts, squeezing the firm globes and pinching the nipples. She couldn't hold back

a whimpering sigh of pleasure. She leaned back, resting her head on his shoulder. "That feels really good," she whispered. "Your hands on my tits. Do you want to play with my pussy?"

"No, I want *you* to play with your pussy. Finger-fuck yourself. Now."

Tracy looked around the room. Two couples were watching her now.

"Sloan. I'm not sure—"

"Play with your pussy, Tracy. And don't stop until I tell you to."

Sloan's command was all she needed to overcome her shyness and surrender to the erotic yearnings simmering just below her inhibitions. She began playing with herself with both hands, spreading her pussy lips apart and sliding her fingers in and out of her wet slit. Finger-fucking herself in front of a watching audience was totally turning her on. She was suddenly aware of how strong her exhibitionistic tendencies were.

After only a few minutes she felt her climax building. "Oh God!" she whispered. "Sloan, I'm going to come. I'm—"

"No," Sloan said. "Not yet." He pulled her hands away from her pussy. "You can come in a while, but first you've got to see the entertainment I've arranged." Surprised, she started to sit up. He tightened his grip, keeping her from moving. "Sit still," he said. "Just watch."

A spotlight came on over the carpeted pedestal and Tracy realized it was more of a stage than a table. Suddenly a Tri-X member appeared leading a girl in the room on a leash. She was naked except for leather wrist and ankle cuffs

and a black leather collar studded with silver spikes. She was slender, with small breasts capped by dark brown nipples. Her ebony hair was cut in a boyish pixie style, and she had tattoos on the slope of her breasts and around one ankle.

As they approached the pedestal, more Tri-X members filed in from various doorways. Soon there were a couple of dozen people in the room. At the pedestal, the Tri-X with the leash unhooked it from the girl's collar, and she sat down on the edge of the platform. Tracy, still sitting on Sloan's lap with her legs spread, felt her pussy tingle. For a moment she imagined herself sitting naked in the spotlight, ready to entertain a horny crowd.

The girl scooted to the center of the stage and lay back, resting on her elbows. The guy who had led her into the room stepped to the edge of the carpeted platform with a video camera. "Spread your legs, Sugar. Show everyone that sexy pussy."

The girl spread her legs and began to play with herself. Someone turned the music up, and the room was filled with a throbbing hip-hop beat. The crowd gathering around the stage began to encourage the girl with enthusiastic yells and whistles. The pedestal was turning slowly. Tracy realized it must be rotated by a mechanism hidden underneath. In a few minutes the table had rotated so that she could see between the girl's legs to her fingers teasing her pussy.

After a couple of full rotations, the



“Tracy looked around, her eyes wide. The crowd had grown to 25 or 30, a dozen of them women, several frat guys taking pictures with cell phones”

Tri-X with the camera handed the girl a large silicone cock. “Here, Sugar,” he said. “See how much of this you can get in your cunt.” She smiled and took the giant dildo. She licked the head, getting it wet, then laid back and began working it in her pussy.

“Pretty hot, huh?” Sloan said, once again squeezing Tracy’s breasts.

“I’ll say,” she said. “Wicked hot. Who is the girl? Is she a porn star?”

Sloan chuckled. “Hardly. She and a girlfriend of hers are our house sub-sluts. They entertain us every couple of weeks. When the girlfriend shows up, they’re going to give us a girl-girl sex show. They call themselves Sugar and Spice. That girl is Sugar. Spice should be here any minute. The man with the camera is Roger.”

Tracy pulled back so she could look at Sloan’s face. “Your ‘house sub-sluts’? What’s a *sub-slut*?”

Sloan grinned. “Sub-sluts are sub-missives who will fuck anyone, anytime, anywhere their dom tells them to.”

“And the guy with the camera is Sugar’s dom? As in dominant?”

“Exactly,” Sloan said.

Tracy looked at him. Could *their* relationship be described as dominant and submissive? Surprisingly, the idea gave her a cozy feeling. She looked back at the rotating pedestal. Sugar was on her back now, writhing in abandon while she fucked herself with the large cock. Watching the girl was making her own pussy throb uncontrollably. She knew the show was turning Sloan on too. His erection under her bare bottom was as hard as a rock.

She slid forward, reached back and began to rub his cock through his jeans. He reached down and unzipped his fly. He took his cock out and guided it into Tracy’s hand. For several minutes she fondled it with one hand and fondled her pussy with the other, all the while watching Sugar on the carpeted stage.

Suddenly Sloan lifted her hips and pulled her backward. As her pussy slid across his cock, he tilted his hips up and shoved it in her slit. It drove deep. She moaned. In spite of herself, she began to fuck Sloan harder, thrusting her hips back and forth, moaning from the physical sensation of his cock in her cunt and the erotic arousal of fuck-ing him in front of an audience.

“Oh God, I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she whispered. “Actually fucking you in front of all these people!”

Suddenly the Tri-X who had been filming Sugar walked up and knelt next to the chair they were in. Tracy’s first thought was to cover herself, but Sloan stopped her. As the guy knelt down, he looked at Tracy’s dripping pussy. “Sweet,” he said with a smile.

“What’s up, Roger?” Sloan said.

Roger’s smile faded. “Spice can’t make it. She got arrested. She’s in jail.”

“Fuck!” Sloan said. “What’d she get popped for? Possession probably.”

Roger was talking to Sloan but looking at Tracy’s cock-filled pussy. Tracy was flushed pink, more from arousal than from embarrassment. Roger glanced up at her and grinned, then turned back to Sloan. “It wasn’t drugs,” he said. “Something more stupid. She has a couple dozen unpaid parking tickets. She needs 600 bucks.”

“Well, *double fuck!*” Sloan said. “Let’s pass the hat and get her out.”

Roger said, “I guess our Sugar-and-Spice girl-girl show is going to be a Sugar-only show.”

Sloan was quiet for a minute. “Maybe not,” he said. He leaned over and whispered in his frat brother’s ear, so quietly that Tracy couldn’t hear. When Roger got up and left, Tracy leaned her head back on Sloan’s shoulder. “I heard what Roger said,” she whispered. “So I guess we won’t see Sugar and her girlfriend together. Too bad. That sounded hot.”

“Don’t worry,” Sloan said. “We may have a show after all. He tilted his hips, pushing his cock deeper in her pussy, causing her to close her eyes and moan again.

Suddenly Tracy felt someone’s hands on her thighs. Her eyes snapped wide open. Pixie-haired Sugar was kneeling between her legs. The girl’s cute face was less than a foot from Tracy’s pussy, which was still filled with Sloan’s cock.

“Tracy,” Sloan said, “meet Sugar. Sugar, say hello to Tracy. I thought since the two of you have the hottest pussies on campus, you should meet.”

Once again embarrassment flashed through Tracy. She tried to cover her cock-filled pussy with her hands, but Sloan was holding her tight. She had no idea how to respond to Sugar, who was smiling seductively at her. Then the girl looked down at Tracy’s pussy and made a show of running the tip of her tongue slowly across her lips.

Once again Tracy felt the dual sensations of being mortified and aroused at the same time, a little frightened but

amazingly turned on. Sloan held her close and whispered in her ear: “I need you to help me out of a jam, Tracy. I need you to fill in for Spice. You’ll do that, won’t you, baby?”

She was startled by his request. He was essentially asking her to join Sugar in performing lesbian sex, something she’d never done in private, much less in public. She glanced around at the expectant crowd. She had to admit that the thought of entertaining them was intensely erotic. She looked down and gave Sugar a resigned smile.

Sugar returned the smile and stood up, reaching for Tracy’s hand. “Come with me,” she said, pulling her off of Sloan’s lap.

Tracy moved forward, legs trembling. In a moment she was sitting next to Sugar on the stage. An enthusiastic roar came from the audience around the pedestal. The fraternity guys and their dates all yelled their encouragement to the two women.

Tracy looked around the room, her eyes wide. The crowd had grown to 25 or 30 people, perhaps a dozen of them women. She saw several frat guys taking pictures with cell phones. Roger was filming her and Sugar with his digital camera, and Tracy shuddered for a moment, knowing that the film would undoubtedly end up on online, perhaps even on the college porn site.

Sugar leaned forward and kissed her. Sugar’s tongue in her mouth sent a tingling sensation surging to her pussy, and she moaned. When Sugar ended the kiss, she pulled away and whispered, “Don’t think about the crowd. Just think about me. Concentrate on me, and I’ll do things to you that will blow your mind.”

Tracy eagerly took that advice, and within minutes she and Sugar were engaged in a sizzling 69, Tracy on her back, lifting her lips and tongue to suck and lick Sugar’s pussy while the pixie-haired girl leaned down to lick Tracy’s wet slit. Although it was Tracy’s first girl-girl experience, every kiss and lick and suck seemed to come naturally. After only moments, both girls were squealing and moaning in orgasm, to the pleasure of the watching crowd. Ten minutes later they were sharing another screaming orgasm, this time with Tracy on top.

As they came back slowly from the erotic bliss of their mutual climax, Sugar said to Tracy, “It’s time we turned

“Two hours later Tracy had lost count of how many fraternity guys she had fucked. Twice she and Sugar were left alone onstage for wild lesbian sessions”

the heat up a notch on this party.” Tracy raised a quizzical eyebrow. Then she saw Sugar point and beckon to one of the Tri-X guys, and her tummy did a butterfly flip.

“You, frat boy,” Sugar said, kneeling on the carpeted pedestal. “Haul it out and show us what you’ve got.”

With a grin, the guy stepped up on the pedestal and unzipped his pants. As his dick came out, Sugar leaned forward and began to give him a wet, sloppy blowjob. After a couple of minutes she turned toward Tracy. “Your turn, sweetie,” she said. “See how quickly you can get him off.”

Tracy glanced nervously over at Sloan, wondering what his reaction would be. When she saw him smile, she gave in to her arousal and leaned forward and took the guy’s cock deep in her throat. In just a few minutes he began to climax. She pulled back and opened her mouth wide, and caught his come on her tongue and cheeks and chin.

The guy left the stage to cheers and applause. Tracy started to wipe her face with her fingers, but Sugar stopped her and leaned forward to lick the gooey mess off her cheeks and chin. The approval from the audience grew even louder. Tracy felt a hand behind her, caressing her naked bottom. Startled, she looked over her shoulder. Behind her and Sugar two guys were kneeling on the stage wearing only socks and Tri-X sweatshirts. They both had impressive erections.

Sugar smiled at Tracy’s startled expression. “Just go with the flow, sweetie,” she said. “It’s all part of the show.”

Tracy looked up and saw Sloan next to her. “Do it, Tracy,” he said. “Tilt your ass up and let that big dick slide in your cunt. That’s what you *want*, isn’t it?”

Every nerve ending in Tracy’s body was alive with sexual excitement. Between her legs, her dripping pussy was thrumming with need. She looked up at Sloan with lust-glazed eyes and whispered, “Yes, it’s what I want.”

“What did you say, Tracy?” he said. “What is it you want?”

“To get fucked,” she said. “I want somebody to fuck me.”

Sloan gave her a satisfied smile. “Very good, Tracy. There are a lot of horny Tri-X members here tonight. How many do you want to fuck, Tracy? All of them?” Tracy stared at Sloan, completely submissive. She felt totally wan-

ton, all inhibitions abandoned to the pleasure of sex, willing to do whatever Sloan wanted her to do. “How many, Tracy? All of them?”

“Yes, all of them,” she said as the guy behind her slid his cock in her pussy. “I want to fuck *all* of them.”

As the guy’s cock slid in deep, Tracy lifted her bottom to give Sloan a better angle, then looked over at Sugar, who was sucking on one cock while another was being shoved in her from behind. She turned back to Sloan, gave him a sly grin and said, “I might have to let Sugar fuck a few of them. Would that be okay?”

He laughed, then stood up and stepped off the stage, making room for another fraternity guy, completely naked except for a ball cap. Tracy leaned forward and took his dick in her mouth. She tried to coordinate her sucking with the rhythm of the guy fucking her from behind. After several minutes she felt both guys coming, their hands grasping her hips and head as they did, filling her mouth and pussy at the same time. The sensation of the guys’ simultaneous orgasms ignited Tracy’s climax. A wave of bliss flooded through her.

Two hours later Tracy had lost count of how many fraternity guys she had fucked. Twice she and Sugar were left alone onstage to entertain the crowd with another session of wild pussy-licking lesbian sex, which they performed with total abandon. Then the frat guys lined up again, their grinning faces and grasping hands and rigid, thrusting cocks becoming such a blur that she almost didn’t recognize Sloan when he stepped back up on the stage.

“Having fun, Tracy?” he asked.

She was on her back, legs spread, her blonde curls matted and damp, her body covered in a thin sheen of sweat and splatters of come. She looked up at Sloan and smiled. “Yes,” she whispered hoarsely, “I’m definitely having fun.”

“I think I want to fuck you now.”

“I was hoping you would.”

“Get up for a moment,” he said. “I want you to sit on me.”

Tracy rolled to her side and stood up. Sloan lay down on his back. “Now straddle me,” he said. “Squat down and sit on me.” She stepped across his waist, straddling his groin. “No,” he said, “face the other way.” She turned so she was facing his feet. “Now squat down. Slowly.”

Tracy began to lower herself toward his cock. When the tip touched her pussy, Sloan grabbed her hips and stopped her. “No,” he said, moving her forward a bit. “In your ass. I want to fuck your tight little ass.”

She looked over her shoulder at him, her eyes wide. “Sloan. I’ve never done it . . . there.”

“Then this will be special,” he said, “won’t it? Now work your ass down over my cock. *All* of my cock. Take it deep.”

Tracy looked around and saw several guys and their dates watching her. Sugar, on her hands and knees getting fucked from behind, was also watching her. She felt Sloan’s hands on her hips urging her down. With her asshole positioned over his cock, she began to lower herself.

When the thick head pushed through her tight opening there was an intense initial pain. “Ohh God . . . *damn!*” she moaned. Then his cock was halfway in and the pain was replaced by raw pleasure. She pushed down harder, then harder still. “Ohhh God! *Oh my fucking God!*” Her moans became louder. Finally his cock was in her ass up to his balls. Holding her waist, he began to lift and lower her on his cock. “How is it, Tracy?” he said. “Do you like it?”

“Yes,” she whispered, moving her ass up and down. “I *like* it. It’s good.”

After a few minutes Sloan stopped her. “Now I want you to lay back, Tracy. With your back on my chest. But keep my cock in your ass.” When she had complied, he said, “And now spread your legs so that Roger can fuck your hot pussy.”

The thought of having her ass and pussy filled with cocks at the same time almost made her come. She looked to one side. Sugar, fucking one guy while she jacked off two others, was grinning broadly at her. Then as Roger stepped forward, she looked up and gasped. His cock was huge!

“Oh . . . my . . . God!” she moaned as he slid his cock deep in her pussy. It was now separated from Sloan’s cock by just her thin membrane.

“How is it, Tracy?” Sloan said. “Do you like having your ass and cunt full of cock at the same time?”

“Yes,” she whispered, trying to catch her breath. “I like it! It feels . . . fucking . . . *incredible!*”

While Sloan and Roger fucked her harder and faster, she lay back against Sloan’s chest. Looking up, she saw

several more guys surrounding her, their cocks erect and ready. She reached out and took a cock in each hand. Then she tilted her head back and opened her mouth. Almost immediately a guy slid his cock over her tongue and in her throat.

Sexually pleasuring five guys all at the same time, while being watched by an enthusiastic audience, sent Tracy over the edge into a mind-blowing orgasm, so intense that she felt her pussy would explode. She screamed, her hips jerking in involuntary spasms on the cocks in her pussy and ass. Her orgasm triggered both Sloan's and Roger's. They cried out and groaned as waves of pleasure flooded through them like liquid heat. The guy fucking Tracy's mouth also began to come, and she had to swallow quickly to keep from choking on the thick stream of semen squirting in her throat.

Finally their orgasms began to subside, and Tracy slid out from between the guys. Their triple mutual orgasms seemed to signal the end of the orgy. The Tri-X members and their dates began to drift away. Tracy rolled over and collapsed exhausted on the stage, eyes closed against the bright spotlight. Someone finally turned off the light and turned down the music.

Roger and Sloan lifted themselves from the pedestal and disappeared. Tracy lay in a sated stupor, come dripping from her ass and pussy and splattered all over her face and body. After a moment Sloan returned. "Look, Tracy, I've got something for you." He held up

a black T-shirt with white lettering. She read the message and giggled. "GREEK BITCHES TAKE IT IN THE ASS."

"I'll wear it proudly," she said with a smile. She looked to her side. Sugar was laying next to her in a well-fucked stupor that matched her own. She reached over and grasped the girl's hand. "How many did you fuck?"

Sugar smiled. "All of them. You?"

"Me too," Tracy said, with a contented sigh. "I think I fucked all of them too." She paused for a moment, then said, "Your dom, Roger, he's hung like a fucking horse."

Sugar giggled. "I know. *Believe me*, I know."

They lay quietly for a moment. Then Tracy said, "So I guess now I can be officially considered a Tri-X sub-slut." She looked over at Sloan, who was leaning back in a club chair with his eyes closed.

"I would say so," Sugar said. "If you like your dom, it's not a bad thing to be." She sat up and unbuckled her cuffs and studded collar, then handed them to Tracy. "Congratulations, you now belong to a very small and very select sorority."

Tracy was moved by the gesture. "Oh, why thank you, Sugar. These are crazy sexy."

"Useful too. You'll find that out when Sloan introduces you to the dungeon."

Tracy's eyes opened wide. "The dungeon?"

"Yes, the dungeon, in the basement. I know you'll enjoy it."

Tracy lay still, imagining the possibili-

ties, then said, "If Roger is your dom and Sloan is mine, who does Spice belong to?"

Sugar gave Tracy a curious stare. "Who?" she asked.

"Spice," Tracy said. "The girl that was supposed to do the girl-girl show with you. The girl that got arrested. I assume she's a Tri-X sub-slut too."

Sugar furrowed her brow. "Sweetie, I don't have a clue who you're talking about. Roger told me you were the girl we were training tonight. I don't know anyone named Spice."

"*Son of a bitch*," Tracy muttered, sitting up. She glanced over at Sloan, her eyes blazing. He was still laying back on the club chair with his eyes closed, but now he was smiling.

"You prick!" she said, causing his smile to widen even more. She picked up the T-shirt, wadded it into a ball and started to throw at him, but stopped herself. Maybe he and Roger had tricked her into sharing the stage with Sugar in a gang-bang orgy, but hadn't she enjoyed it as much as every one of the guys she'd fucked?

Tracy held up the T-shirt and read the message again. Greek bitches *do* take it in the ass, she thought. *And like it very much!* Instead of tossing the shirt to Sloan, she put it on. It was a perfect fit, showcasing her amazing tits and pebble-hard nipples. It would be the ideal thing to wear in a couple of weeks to the next Tri-X orgy. And of course, she would have to accessorize the shirt with her bitchin' new cuffs and studded collar. ●





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“She nuzzled my ear and inserted her tongue, then whispered, ‘I want you so badly, I can’t wait to land’”

armrest in between us, spread her blanket across our laps and began rubbing my thigh. She leaned over and hunched her shoulders together, which opened her shirt so that I was able to get my first look at her shapely breasts. The hard nipples protruded like erasers. She looked in my eyes and smiled.

Her hand worked its way up my thigh toward my now-rigid cock. She nuzzled my ear and inserted her tongue, then whispered, “I want you so badly, I can’t wait to land.” Her hand reached my cock, and she stroked me through my slacks. “It seems the feeling is mutual!” she murmured.

I was already breathing heavily, and could only nod in agreement. Renée teased my painfully hard cock the whole rest of the flight, coaxing me almost to orgasm several times but always backing off before I came. I was never so aroused.

The fun stopped as we approached the airport. Then there was a blur of activity until we reached the sailboat. I changed out of my cold-weather clothes into short, loose-fitting shorts and a polo shirt. I skipped underwear.

Renée and I spent the rest of the afternoon relaxing in the cockpit of the boat, enjoying the warm weather. Our shipmates had set out for town, leaving us alone. She curled up in front of me on the U-shaped berth, reached back into my lap and found my cock again. She reached under my shorts, found that I had gone commando and giggled. She began working just the tip of my cock with her fingers and quickly encouraged another hard-on. I massaged her shoulders and hard stomach, becoming more aggressive as her breathing got heavier. Seeing that her nipples were rock-hard, I fondled her breasts, kneading the nipples between my thumb and forefinger.

Her skirt zipped up the side. I eased the zipper down until I could reach in to get to her pussy. She lifted her hips to help me reach her. I began stroking her slit through her panties. Her panties were already wet, and my hand was quickly soaked with her juices. After a few minutes I slid her panties to the side and played with her pussy lips. I found her clit and pinched it between my fingers, rolling it around.

She reached down and guided me

I’m a third-year law student and work as a paralegal in a DA’s office while in school. Because I spent several years between college and law school, I’m the same age as most of the younger lawyers in the office. I often have lunch with a group of the lawyers, who are mostly women, and have become very friendly with one ADA in particular, Renée. She’s about five feet six, and very attractive. She has a nice figure, with long legs and beautiful thighs that she loves to show off by wearing short skirts. She has shapely breasts that sit high on her chest.

At lunch we always flirted, flashing furtive glances and smiles at each other. We would walk together and were always touching each other innocently. There was a definite sexual tension between us, but nothing happened. I was just too intimidated, being a mere law student.

Last spring a few lawyers organized a staff sailing vacation in the Caribbean. I hadn’t been on a vacation in a while, and it coincided with my spring break, so I decided to go. As luck would have it, Renée signed up too, and we were going to be on the same boat. As we walked back from lunch one day, she squeezed my hand and said, “I hope we can get to know each other much better on this trip.”

Departure day finally arrived, and

Renée and I arranged to sit together on the flight down. She was wearing a very sheer white polo shirt with a flimsy bra underneath. Her top was almost transparent, as was her bra, so very little was left to the imagination. Those beautiful breasts with their very visible dark nipples poked through the fabric. She had on a cotton skirt that was so short, it covered her crotch by only a few inches, and showed her toned thighs. She was gorgeous.

As she sat down, she leaned over, gave me a long kiss and said “hi.” Her skirt rode up and gave me a peek at the white boy panties she was wearing underneath her skirt.

It was a rough flight at first. Several times Renée reached over to me for support, grabbing my arm or thigh for comfort. She confessed to being a nervous flier. I reached over and took her hand, and she kissed me on the ear. As the flight progressed, her squeezes became more lingering and affectionate.

When the flight calmed down Renée got up to go to the lavatory, and when she returned I noticed that she had shed her bra and unbuttoned her shirt—and her nipples were now erect! I felt myself getting hard.

We ordered a couple of drinks and leaned together to chat. I was pleased to learn that we both were unattached. After a few minutes Renée raised the

to her love hole. I inserted two fingers and began finger-fucking her while continuing to pressure her clit with my thumb. She ground her hips into my crotch, where her hand was busy. Her legs began to twitch rhythmically, and she came hard. Her juices drenched my hand.

Renée remembered my cock and began to really work it over. I was leaking precome, so I was slick, which allowed her to stroke me without difficulty. On each upstroke her thumb and forefinger circled my head and rubbed the ridge. I was so worked up after all the attention my cock got on the flight down, I knew I wouldn't last much longer. She knew I was ready to come and stroked more forcefully, bringing me off in my shorts, soaking her hand as well as the shorts with come.

Renée got up to wash her hands and get a cold beer and took a seat on the opposite side of the boat. My crotch was wet with come, and there was a large wet spot in the gray cloth. Renée flashed a naughty smile, running her tongue over her lips. I was red with embarrassment and went below to change. I donned another pair of loose shorts, again sans underwear, and as my cock rubbed against the fabric I felt frisky again. I went up and asked Renée if she would like to take a walk.

She went below to change her clothes and came up wearing a loose-fitting short white tennis-style skirt, which was sheer enough that I could see she was wearing a white thong underneath. Her top was gauzelike and virtually transparent; she wasn't wear-

ing a bra, so her tits were plainly visible. She was so hot, I wanted to fuck her again right there.

We walked around town for more than an hour. It was getting pretty dark, and we decided we better look for a place to have dinner. Walking hand in hand, we found a seafood place in the old town near the docks which had some secluded tables in a back room. We were shown to a table in the far corner and sat next to each other.

We smiled at each other when we realized we were alone. (Everyone else was packed into the bar watching a cricket match or something.) Instantly our hands found their way to each other's lap. I told Renée how beautiful she looked and how happy I was that we were finally able to spend some time together.

When the waiter brought our drinks, she squeezed my hand. She reached under the table and slid her hand up my leg and inside the leg of my shorts until she reached my crotch. I lifted my leg to give her easier access. When she reached in and pulled my cock free, I jumped a bit. She began a slow but determined stroking, softly circling the head with her thumb and forefinger, and I began to get hard again. I knew I wouldn't last long if she kept this up, but it felt too good to ask her to stop!

I reached over and slid my hand up under Renée's skirt. She shifted toward me so I could reach her pussy more easily, and I found my way to her thong. She was wet already; her thong was soaked, and her juices were coating the inside of her thighs.

Her handiwork was beginning to overtake me, and I abandoned her pussy to enjoy the ride she had me on. I felt that familiar boiling in my balls. Precome was flowing freely and made my cock really slick. She had brought me rapidly to the edge. I leaned over and warned her I was on the brink. She looked me in the eyes, smiled and said, "I love having your cock in my hand. Just sit back and enjoy this."

I was coming closer and closer to climax. Renée whispered, "I want you to come. Please let me bring you off."

I turned her face to mine and kissed her deeply. Waves of pleasure washed over me. "Please don't stop," I said, and leaned back.

She held my cock against my leg, and I slid into the most intense orgasm I could remember. Rope after rope of come shot down my leg. It took three napkins to clean us off.

It was Renée's turn. I touched her under her thigh. Knowing exactly what I was after, she lifted off her chair and pulled up her skirt so she wasn't sitting on it and slid her thong to the side to allow me complete access to her pussy. I inched my hand up her thigh and reached her slit. Her thong was soaked. I fingered her slit and up and down her labia. I found her fully engorged and elongated clit and ran my fingers in circles around the base of it and strummed its head with my thumb.

After a few minutes I slipped two fingers in her pussy. She moved her hips in rhythm to my fingers and started her orgasmic ride. She leaned back in her chair and hissed, "Please don't



stop. It feels too fucking good.” She opened her legs wider, allowing me to finger her more deeply. “Rub my clit. Right there. Don’t stop,” she pleaded. Then her back arched, she lifted her body from the chair, and her legs started to tremble. “Yesssss,” she cried as she went over the edge. She soaked my hand with her juices while moaning. Her juices puddled on her chair and soaked her skirt. We used more napkins to clean this up.

The waiter finally came with our dinner. We never knew whether he waited until we’d finished our lovemaking, but we really didn’t care! We toasted to what looked to be a wonderful week together. After a wonderful time over dinner, we walked back to the boat. On the way Renée leaned over and said that her juices were still running down her leg, and thanked me for being part of the most incredible night she could remember.

When we got to the boat, our shipmates were back and carrying on in the moonlight. Renée and I sat next to each other in the cockpit, still aglow from the events of the day. Soon she again began stroking the inside of my thigh, and I began getting hard again. It was late now. I said to her, “It’s time you got fucked.” She smiled and whispered, “I thought you’d never ask.”

She took my hand and led me below to her cabin. She had me sit on the bunk, and she stood in front of me and

began to remove her clothes. She slipped her top off, baring her beautiful tits. I could only gasp. She pulled on her nipples and gave a slight shudder. She tweaked them till they were erect, then unfastened her skirt and wriggled it down her legs, exposing her thong. Her skirt slid down her legs, and she stepped out of it.

She walked over and knelt in front of me, then pulled my shorts down to expose my hard cock. The head was blue from before, but precome ran down the shaft. She licked the precome, then took my cock in her mouth and gave me my first-ever blowjob, focusing on the head while she stroked my shaft. She must have sensed I was close to coming and pulled away. “I want to make sure we both enjoy tonight,” she said, and stood up to remove her thong.

“Wait, let me,” I said. She stopped and moved closer. I took hold of the straps on her hips and inched the thong down her legs, enjoying the view all the way. I stopped after I made it past her pussy because strings of her come stretched from her pussy to the thong. I gathered them with my fingers and brought them to her mouth.

I slid the thong off and admired her body. Her pussy was beautiful. A tiny patch of curls rested on a pronounced mons, which drives me crazy. Very pronounced labia protruded from her slit, and her clit was erect. She twitched slightly as I stroked her clit. Then she

stepped back and for the first time I got to admire her body. “God, you’re beautiful,” I said. We kissed deeply.

Renée asked me to lie on the bunk, then climbed on it and straddled my head with her legs. “Please do me,” she begged, and lowered her pussy to my mouth. God, she smelled good! I tasted her pussy for the first time, running my tongue up and down her slit. She worked her hips back and forth, pressing on my tongue. I rubbed her clit with my thumb and then took it between my teeth and flicked her head with my tongue. Her sweet juices flowed freely, soaking my chin.

Her legs began to tremble again, so I knew she was getting close. I slipped one finger and then a second one in her pussy and began stroking her while she worked back and forth. She squeezed her legs tight against my head. I felt her thighs clenching.

“Oh God, please don’t stop,” she moaned. “Oh, you’re on my clit. It’s driving me crazy. I’m going to come. Please don’t stop. Ohmygod, it feels good. Now, *now*, oh, that’s it!” She had a violent orgasm.

After she came down, she slid down my body until her pussy lips straddled my cock. She began to move her hips to slide up and down my cock, massaging it into hardness. As she slid her pussy lips back and forth, on each stroke she brushed her clit against my cock, driving both of us deeper into



“She spread her legs, giving me full access, and guided me in her hole. I entered her in one stroke”

ecstasy. After a few minutes she whispered, “I need you inside me now.”

We quickly changed places, and I put the head of my cock at her opening. She took my cock in her hands and worked it up and down her slit, lubricating it for entry. Then she spread her legs, giving me full access, and guided my cock in her hole. I entered her in one stroke and began a steady rhythm, withdrawing my cock until the head appeared at her opening, then reentering.

I pressed my hand on her pussy mound and flicked her clit with my thumb. Watching my cock draw her labia in and out with each stroke and seeing her clit pulse was the most erotic thing I’ve ever seen. She was moving her hips in sync with my strokes. She was so wet that a white froth gathered on her cunt lips. “I’m ready,” she panted. “Take me now.”

I picked up the pace of my fucking and began to feel the familiar boiling in my balls. Renée was in what appeared to be one continuous orgasm. With each of my strokes her breasts tossed. Unbelievably sexy! We came together ferociously, and for the first time I filled her with come. She gave my cock a soft squeeze and kissed me on the lips. “Wow!” she said. Wow indeed!

When I awoke, the sun wasn’t up yet. Renée was sleeping with her back to me. We were both still naked. I marveled at the perfect curve of her body, from her shoulder down to her waist and then back up to the flare of her hips. She was stunning. I ran my hands along her hips up toward her breasts. I felt my cock growing between her ass cheeks. I fondled her breasts, kneading the nipples between my fingers, and nuzzled the back of her neck.

She awoke with a soft moan and turned her head and gave me a soft kiss, then turned away. She adjusted her bottom so my cock was hardening between her legs, finding its way toward her pussy. She guided it so it nestled between her labia, then stroked me to a full erection. I began to move my hips so my cock glided back and forth along her pussy lips. She moved her hips in rhythm with me and placed her palm over my cock, pressing it gently to create a tunnel for my cock to slide through and hit her clit. Our juices



flowed, and the tunnel became slick and full of pleasure.

After a few more minutes Renée shifted her hips again, and on one of my backstrokes she slipped my cock-head inside her love hole. “Please fuck me again,” she said, “but this time let’s take our time. Just long, slow strokes, so this really *lasts*.”

As I slid in and out of her, she tensed her pussy muscles, letting my cock withdraw until the head was at her pussy lips, then tightening her pussy muscles as I reentered her. Her pulsations quickly brought me into the red zone. I began fingering her clit. She took a sharp breath and began trembling. Suddenly she whispered, “I’m going to come, but I really want us to come together.”

“I’m really close,” I said. I felt her pussy walls begin to convulse, and she sighed with each of my strokes. The force of her trembling grew. She cried, “I’m coming!” I said, “I’m almost there.” She stroked the exposed portion of my cock as it pumped in and out of her. Waves of pleasure washed over me, and I shot jets of come in her. Orgasm overtook her, and her trembling made it hard to stay inside her. I grabbed her hips and held her close until our orgasms subsided.

We donned robes and went up on deck. No one else had awakened, so we took a swim in the nude to wash the sex off and then sat in the silence of a Caribbean morning and watched a beautiful sunrise. All in all, it was quite a day.—Name and address withheld

LETTERS



The view became the least of this covered bridge's attractions

Now that our children are grown, when the weather is nice my wife and I like to get in the car and just drive somewhere—to area attractions, flea markets, wherever. Late one afternoon while riding we saw a covered bridge next to a picnic area and park, and stopped to check it out. While we were looking around, evening set in, and for whatever reason I started feeling really horny.

I playfully grabbed my wife's butt, which was concealed in a knee-length denim skirt. I should mention that Naomi has always been on the conservative side, normally dressing to conceal her sexy medium build. (Even now the only sign of her age is a hint of gray in her long, silky hair.) Actually, the sleeveless white knit blouse she was wearing that day showed off her gorgeous tits uncharacteristically well. She rebuffed a couple of advances from me, then gave in and let me kiss her. She even let me feel her up a little. But when I tried getting my hand up her skirt, she said no.

Trying another approach, I kissed her again and said there was just enough fading light for a few pictures, and got her to pose for me. I encouraged her to show some leg and told her to relax and live a little. She gave in, and I took more pics. Then I told her to flash me her panty crotch, and she said no. When I asked again, she

said, "No, because I'm not wearing panties."

I was surprised, to say the least! I begged her to show me, and finally she said okay, *as long as I never let anyone else see the pictures*. I promised, and she pulled up her skirt enough to show me her bare pussy. She even let me take pics of her twirling and showing off her bare ass.

Suddenly we were startled to hear voices! It was some older guys, three of them, probably mid-twenties, walking up onto the bridge with us! One of them gave a wolf whistle, which so threw Naomi that *she dropped her skirt!* It was a thrilling moment, but I saw her obvious nervousness.

"Sorry, didn't mean to scare you," one of the boys said. "We figured nobody was here and thought we'd have a beer. Want one?"

I took the beer in an effort to relieve some tension. The boys apologized for scaring Naomi, but they said how sexy she was, and how they didn't expect to see someone *like her* here! I agreed with them, which only further embarrassed her. I tried to get her to calm down by having a beer, but no sale. I did finally get her to drink some of mine. After that she finally accepted one of her own. She was still shy and didn't speak while we hung out with the boys, who talked about various noncontroversial topics. Nobody seemed uncomfortable as of the time I excused myself to take a leak in the bushes.

As I returned to the bridge

I heard some talking in low tones but couldn't make out what was being said. I saw one of the boys standing right in front of Naomi, with the others kind of gathered around. Then I noticed that the boy's hand was between her legs, and her skirt was kind of pulled up to allow him access! I froze, and

watched awhile from the shadows. Finally I began drawing closer, slowly so as not to ruin the excitement.

When Naomi noticed me, she gasped, "Honey, I—" but broke off with a gasp. No doubt her admirer's fingers had found her entrance and penetrated her. I watched as he fingered her while





she leaned back along the wall of the covered bridge, gasping and panting. The boy stood in closer, bent at the knees briefly and then lurched up. Naomi gasped, and I realized, as he began rhythmic hip thrusting, that *he had his cock inside her*. This boy *less than half her age* was fucking the shit out of her, with his friends watching! She wrapped one leg him around and he kept thrusting in and out, until he grunted two or three times and slumped into her. Her leg dropped, and they stood there panting.

Now the boy stepped away and one of the others moved in. He spun Naomi around and pulled her long skirt up from behind. I heard him undo his pants, and he entered her from behind.

Again she gasped as she was fucked while leaning up against the wall, looking out across the creek. All I could do was watch.

Once the second boy was done, the third got Naomi on her hands and knees for her third fuck within a 20-minute period! Just as he was coming, and she with him, we saw headlights, and a spotlight began shining around the area. I made out a local police car, and realized the cop must have noticed the cars and was investigating. Naomi dropped her skirt back in place and the boys pulled up their shorts and tucked back in, and we walked out casually toward our cars—and the cop!

If he got a good look at Naomi's messed-up hair and saw how sweaty she was, I

think he'd have known right away that she had just been fucked—or actually gang-fucked. Instead, he just told us politely that we had to go, which was fine by us. We raced home and fucked like teenagers, reliving one of the most erotic episodes of our adult lives.—*Name and address withheld*

He outfitted his wife as a slave, and it turned into more than an act

For our neighbors' Halloween party this year, I won a bet with my wife which let me choose our costumes. I decided I would be a sultan while Joan would wear a harem slave-girl outfit of little more than a bikini with a pair of gauzy sleeves and harem pants, plus a slave

collar with a chain attached.

Joan was scandalized at first, but I reminded her that I'd won the bet, and she put the costume on. She looked incredible! While she's only five-one, she has a stunning figure, and the outfit showed it off beautifully. I wanted to fuck her on the spot, but we had a party to attend. Playfully, I grabbed her chain and gave a little tug, saying, "Come on, slave." She froze for a second, and I thought I had gone over the line, but then she followed me with no further protest.

At the party we started circulating, and I noticed Joan getting lots of looks from the guys. At one point we separated, and when I returned I found her surrounded by a quartet of admirers. Like us, they had a theme look: two

dressed as Roman centurions, the other two wearing togas. I recognized Kip, the son of the party hosts, but the others were new to me. One of the guys was black.

When the guys saw me approach, they backed off and melted into the crowd. I asked Joan about them, and she said the other three

At one point a friend of mine challenged me to do a few shots. This turned out to be a mistake, as the shots went right to my head and I had to go upstairs and lie down. I closed my eyes for what was supposed to be five minutes, trying to stop my head from spinning, only to pass out and wake

and there on the couch was my wife with her four young admirers—Kip on one side of her and one of the others (Phil, I found out later) on the other side, and the other two (Les, the black fellow, and Randy) watching from nearby chairs. Kip and Phil were making out with Joan, taking turns kissing her while running their hands all over her. She was obviously enjoying herself! I remained right where I was, incredibly turned on, despite the fact that I always thought I was the jealous type!

Kip got bold enough to free one of Joan's breasts from her bikini top. She protested not very convincingly that she was a married woman. He assured her that her husband was passed out upstairs and would never know, then added that it was obvious from her choice of costume that she wanted men to admire her body, which was exactly what they were doing.

That seemed to quiet her objections, and when Kip began sucking her nipple, she melted in his embrace. Phil popped out the other breast and went to work on it, which made her almost swoon. Then the guys took turns fingering her pussy, getting her more hot and bothered than I had managed to do in ages.

Eventually the foreplay ended and the guys stripped Joan, leaving only her collar and chain. Kip started to position her on his lap, but she balked, insisting she couldn't do that since he might get her pregnant. For

a minute it looked as though this was going to spoil everything. I silently cursed my luck! Actually, Joan and I had been trying to conceive for eight months but so far hadn't had any luck. As a matter of fact, she'd been a little depressed over this.

After a short while Kip's desire to fuck my wife overcame his scruples. He gave her chain a tug and said it was a slave's duty to do as she's told. She gave a little gasp and her whole body blushed, but then instead of protesting further, she straddled Kip's lap and helped him ease his cock in her!

I realized I had stumbled on a heretofore-unknown submissive streak in my wife. That thought was reinforced a minute later when she was bouncing up and down on Kip's lap while he sucked on her tits as best as he could. After several minutes he gasped, "Faster, slave, if you want my baby-maker to fill your womb." She doubled her pace, and soon was crying out in orgasm. As her body convulsed, he grabbed her by the ass, keeping her in place while he filled her with what looked to be a huge load of semen.

Once Kip was finished, Phil had Joan move over to his lap. She straddled him with her back to him, so I got a perfect view of his cock plunging in and out of her. The sight of her firm tits bouncing around while she fucked him had me jerking off, and the three of us came within seconds of each other.

Les was up next, his dark skin a sharp contrast to my



were all college friends of Kip's. I noted that they had seemed quite delighted by her. She said they were just being polite to a guest.

As the party went on, Joan and I both drank a good bit more than we usually do. The masks worn by many of the party guests produced a sense of anonymity that allowed people to act more freely, and many of the men were taking advantage by ogling my wife more openly than ever, which to my surprise turned me on!

up a couple of hours later.

I made my way downstairs to find that the party had mostly broken up, with only a handful of really drunk people hanging around. I couldn't find Joan anywhere. After searching upstairs and down, I went to look in the basement. It appeared empty at first. Then I heard voices coming from behind a door on the far side. I went to it and opened it quietly, then peeked in.

It was a game room with a couch and several chairs,

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wife's creamy flesh. He positioned her on her back on the couch, her ass right on the edge, then rubbed his cock up and down her pussy a few times before sinking it all in. Watching it play hide-and-seek in her pussy made me instantly hard again. After a couple of thrusts, he put her legs up on his shoulders and proceeded to give her the fucking of her life.

Eventually Les leaned forward so far that Joan's ankles were practically around her head. She went wild and came as he buried himself to the hilt and bellowed that he was going to give her a black baby. She cried out for him to do it. His taut butt cheeks flexed as he filled her with blast after blast.

Randy was eager to take

she should assume the position. She moaned and got on all fours, looking eagerly over her shoulder for someone to mount her. It took everything I had not to rush in and do the deed myself.

Kip kept his hold on the chain as he got behind her and rode her hard. She took it all and enjoyed it. Having come once, he lasted a long time before giving her a spermy refill. Then he patted her bottom affectionately and said she'd been a good slave. I couldn't believe the look of adoration she gave him in response.

Kip handed the chain to Phil, who took his place behind Joan and started fucking her really hard. Again she came like a wild woman as he banged into

tapped out, it was late, and Joan was so exhausted that they had to help her back into her outfit. The bikini bottom quickly became soaked from the semen leaking out of her. I ducked behind some shelves as the guys came

out and went back upstairs saying this had been the best Halloween party ever.

Once they were gone, I went in and collected my dazed but happy wife. I had to carry her to the car, but the contentment on her face

"Joan went wild and came as Les buried himself and bellowed that he was going to give her a black baby. She cried out for him to do it"

his turn, and as Les pulled out of her he slid between her thighs and began pounding away. She wrapped her legs around his waist and moaned and groaned with abandon. He didn't last long before filling her with a fourth load of youthful seed.

By then Kip was ready for action again. He took hold of her chain and told her that if she wanted to be treated like a brood mare,

her, proclaiming she was the hottest piece of ass he'd ever had and boasting that he was the one who would knock her up. The others seemed to take that as a challenge and over the next hour took turns mounting her, fucking her hard and filling her again and again with their seed. I came twice more from playing with myself while I watched.

By the time the guys were



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complained about being squashed, so we rolled over with me on my back and her bum pushing into my belly. She loved it and started to play with her clit.

Another bloke walked up, nude, with a short fat cock. I indicated for him to kneel beside us. Sherry opened her mouth wide and covered Stumpy's cock with it. I knew by her moans and the movement of her ass on me that she was really getting into it. After a while the thickness of his cock was too much for her. She said to me, "He's too big for my mouth. Why don't you take over?" I said okay. What she didn't know was that *another* guy was kneeling on the other side of us waiting his turn!

As Stumpy moved up and pushed his short fat dick in my mouth, Sherry got the surprise of her life when the other guy pushed his cock in her mouth. *Now* she didn't know that a *third* guy was kneeling at our feet indicating that he wanted to lick her. I nodded to him, but held up a hand to wait. As soon as Sherry had Bloke No. 2 in her mouth, with Stumpy in *my* mouth, I put my feet between her legs and opened them so the guy at our feet saw my dick buried in her ass. He licked her pussy and she exploded almost instantly, wriggling so much that he had to hold her down on me.

The guy at Sherry's pussy licked from my balls up to her clit. It was amazing! After he sucked on Sherry awhile, I felt him slide his dick in her. After about ten strokes he exploded, then pulled out.

along with the knowledge of all that seed filling her womb made me fall in love with her all over. I took her home and put her to bed.

The next day I told her I'd seen everything that happened. At first she panicked, saying she didn't know what had come over her, it was like she just couldn't say no to anything the guys wanted. When I said it was obvious that she enjoyed wearing her slave collar and having men order her around, she blushed, then nodded slowly. I told her that sounded pretty good to me, and said

in an authoritative voice that she'd be wearing that collar a lot from now on so she'd better get used to it. Her face positively *glowed*.

That was four months ago. It turned out that the guys achieved their goal. Joan's pregnancy is starting to show. She's thrilled that she conceived while acting as a slave, and is already talking about "being bred" again somewhere down the line. I have no problem with that, and have a feeling we'll have no shortage of volunteers willing to help us out.—*J.L., Albuquerque, New Mexico*

A nude beach can be a great place to make lots and lots of friends

My girlfriend and I, now in Australia on holiday, had the experience of our lives at a nude beach near Sydney.

Sherry is what could be called "pint-size"—about 15 inches shorter than me. In the scrubby sand dunes, I rubbed suntan oil on her front; then she rolled over on the sheet and I worked the backs of her legs, then her bum. We often have anal sex, so I slid my slim seven inches gently in her bum. She



NEXT ISSUE

The cover of 'The Girls of Penthouse' magazine for July/August 2012. It features a woman in a white lace swimsuit posing in the ocean. The text on the cover includes the magazine title, the issue date, and details about the 'Pet of the Year' contest winner, Jenna Rose.

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ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS JUNE 5

With the guy Sherry was sucking nearly ready to come, a new bloke slid his cock in her pussy. About the same time, Stumpy flooded my throat and Bloke No. 2 flooded Sherry's. With my dick still hard in her arse, I

able to move in Sherry's arse again, but she slid off and then I felt her feet on each side of my head, and she said to open wide. She obviously had clamped her pussy lips together and now let them open so the com-

that Sherry exploded in mine.

I think we're going to be going to the beach on a regular basis in Australia.—F.H., Sydney, NSW, Australia

To think, it all started out as just an ordinary Friday night at the bar

One Friday night a couple of months ago, the bar my wife and I were at closed early due to plumbing and electrical problems. Not ready to go home, we drove around till we spotted a bar we had never been in. As it turned out, the place had topless waitresses, which didn't at all faze Maddie, a 25-year-old auburn-haired beauty who never fails to attract male attention.

I was surprised to see two coworkers there, Gareth and Toby. They're both young, attractive guys, and I could tell Maddie was attracted to them. We joined them at their table, and a topless waitress brought a pitcher of beer. When the guys ate up her tits, Maddie said, "My tits are as good as hers," and said maybe she should show her tits to get some attention around there.

Actually, she was getting plenty of attention, thanks to the amount of cleavage she was already showing, and all the leg. She was wearing a short skirt with a slit almost to her crotch, and when she hiked up the skirt a little, the crotch of her thin panties was exposed.

Toby asked if he could dance with Maddie, and she instantly said yes. While they danced to a slow song,

she pressed her crotch to his thigh and he fondled her ass. She snuggled her head against his shoulder.

I headed for the john, giving Maddie time alone with the guys, but really I stood watching from the far corner of the bar. I saw Gareth kissing her, with his hand under the table—I knew he was feeling her crotch. All three of them were laughing. Gareth led Maddie to the dance floor and they practically fucked right there.

Now three other guys were sitting with Toby. When he pointed to Gareth and Maddie, someone made a remark and they all laughed. I assumed they were talking about fucking my wife. When I rejoined the group, we got two more pitchers of beer. Maddie, feeling no pain, danced with each of the men at our table, making out with all of them.

When the place closed, Maddie suggested we all go back to our place and she'd be our topless waitress, and maybe, if we were lucky, our *bottomless* waitress. (Did she really plan to take on *five* guys?) She said she'd ride with Toby and Gareth, and the others could follow me.

I saw Maddie sitting in the middle between Gareth, driving, and Toby, and I just knew Toby was at least feeling her. She took them the long way home. My cock was throbbing like hell by the time we arrived. As Maddie got out of their car, I saw her skirt fall back down into place. The top three buttons of her blouse were undone.

We went to the living room,



"Sherry held the big bloke deep as he filled her with come. Once he moved away, I was able to move in her arse again"

felt the other guy slide much farther in her.

When the two guys we'd sucked moved away, Sherry positioned my legs around the ass of the big bloke who had us both pinned to the ground. She held him deep as he filled her with come. Once he moved away, I was

bined come from the guys who had filled her up dribbled into my mouth. She squatted over my mouth and told me to lick her out. God, that was fantastic! At about the same time some guy started sucking my iron rod, and I exploded in his mouth at the same moment



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LETTERS



and the guys sat while Maddie went to get us beers. When she returned she was not only topless but skirtless. All she had on was black thigh-high stockings, a black thong and heels. Her pussy hair and puffy cunt lips were plainly visible.

When she handed Gareth his beer, he ran his hands up her nylon-covered legs and rubbed and squeezed her ass. She not only stood there, but let him pull her thong down! She stepped

out of it, then gave each guy a seductive lap dance. By the time she got around the room, all five were nude, cocks at attention. She did another circuit, this time on her knees, giving each guy a quick blowjob, but not letting anyone come yet.

She stood in the center of the room and said, "Now for some *real* fun! But you'll all have to wear condoms if you want to fuck me." Only nobody had a single condom. While my heart raced,

my lovely wife asked me to run to a convenience store and get a couple of boxes of condoms. Reluctantly, I pulled my pants on and raced to the corner store, but it was closed! Cursing, I went to another store, and it was sold out! Goddamn my luck! I raced to a third place, wondering what my horny wife and those five horny studs were up to.

An hour and a half had passed by the time I got home. The car that Gareth and Toby's friends were in was gone. Inside, I found the living room empty. The house was quiet. I went down the hall to our bedroom with my heart in my throat. I looked inside and saw Maddie, alone and naked except for her tattered stockings. She looked exhausted, and half asleep. Her legs were parted, her cunt red and swollen—a sloppy mess with come still leaking from it. There was a big wet spot on the bed.

She spoke slowly. "I'm so sorry, honey. I got incredibly horny, and so did the guys. We tried waiting, but temptation overtook us, and they were really persuasive."

"Did they *all* fuck you?" I asked. She nodded. "Did they all come in you too?" I asked. She nodded and said, "Please forgive me."

My cock throbbed, ready to burst. I stripped and got on top of her. Unfortunately, the second the tip of my cock touched her cunt, I lost it. I shot my load even as I slid in her come-filled cunt. I was so turned on that I kept my hard-on and began to

hump, reveling in the warm, sloppy wetness. Less than five minutes later I actually came a second time!

Afterward, as we lay basking in the afterglow, Maddie told me how the guys got her all worked up and persuaded her to let them fuck her bareback on the promise that they wouldn't come in her, but the first guy got so carried away, he came inside her, and then all the other guys did too.

She promised not to do it again, at least not without me there. Meanwhile, she hasn't had a period since then.—*L.S., Tampa, Florida*

She understands she's playing with fire but just can't help herself

I know my husband is doing his best, but he's in his late 40s and I'm only 37, and our sex life is dull and uninspiring, which I guess is what's led me to extramarital relations that even to me sometimes seem ravenous.

Once when I was traveling with my husband on a business trip we had problems with the TV in the room. He reported it to the desk, and the next day, while he was doing work stuff, a really attractive man of 25 or so came to fix it. While he worked, I couldn't help staring. I even remember smelling his sexy cologne. While I sat at the foot of the bed I made casual conversation. As we talked, I slid my skirt hem up until it reached mid-thigh. Then, acting like I was looking out the window, I opened my knees. From the

corner of my eye I saw him glance between my legs.

When he finished, he put his tools away but seemed slow at it. I said, "Thank you. How can I repay you? I'd be so bored here with nothing to do, all alone, all day." He just fidgeted. "Oh," I said, "your shirt is wet with sweat. Why don't you take it off?" Meanwhile, I had undone two buttons on my blouse.

"I should go," he said. "Before I get in trouble."

"No one will ever know but us," I said, undoing another button, then putting a hand on his crotch. He wavered. I kicked off my shoes and pulled my hem up to my waist, exposing my stockings and panty crotch. I undid my blouse and bra and there stood topless.

He was out of his clothing in a flash and came to me at the foot of the bed, stroking himself. He moved my head to his cock. I opened my mouth, and he pushed it in. I sucked him for a minute or two, when he pulled out and pushed me back on the bed and spread my legs. He got on top of me, probed for my entrance and slammed in! We had the wildest sex until he blasted inside me. We lay there exhausted until his cell phone rang. He answered it and then rushed out.

All I could think then was, *what if he got me pregnant?* It would be my fault entirely. The rest of the trip I was more careful. I had sex in a taxi, but the man pulled out, coating my pubic hair. When I got home, I spent a worried week and a half before my period arrived.

So I've gotten more careful, but I haven't slowed down. I still need the gratification my husband can't give me. Like a few months ago I went to visit my cousin who's divorced and lives in a rough neighborhood. In the lobby of her building I noticed three younger black males who really looked me over. They followed me into

stopped! One guy tried the door, but it was stuck. It's a ratty building, and we were *stuck*. The lights dimmed, and then one of the guys was kissing me and sliding a finger down my cleavage and under my bra.

I could have stopped it, but *I didn't want to*. Those guys had me really horny! One guy pulled me close

and got his knees between my legs. Hands clutched at my skirt, pulling it up to my waist, and my panties were yanked down. The guy hugging me fished for his zipper, and pulled out his hard cock. He entered me and fucked me, pressed up against the wall. By the time the elevator came back on, all three guys fucked me. I



the elevator, and on the way up I got horny as hell.

When I got to my cousin's apartment she didn't answer the door. I don't know where the hell she was! So I got back in the elevator, which was empty, and because it was hot, I undid a couple of blouse buttons. A few floors below, the elevator stopped and the three black guys got in! Their eyes all but popped out when they saw my open blouse.

Suddenly the elevator

"He probed for my entrance and slammed in! We had the wildest sex until he blasted inside me. We lay exhausted until his cell phone rang"

cleaned up as best I could and made my way home.

Luckily I got my period, but one of these times I may not be so lucky.—*Name and address withheld*

On their wedding night they conducted a sort of group experiment

After we went together for seven months I asked my girlfriend to marry me. She said she would if I gave her something she'd wanted on our wedding night. I agreed and we set the day. Then I asked Sue what she wanted on our wedding night.

She said, "I want to have sex with your friends Rick, Charley and Paul while you watch, and after they fill my pussy full of come, I want

hard dick in her wet cunt while the others sucked her breasts and she stroked their dicks. After Charley fucked her as hard as he could, her pussy was a mess, but it sure smelled good. I tasted her juices.

Rick pushed his eight-incher in up to his balls. Sue cried, "Harder! Tear my ass up!" Her pussy was making slushy sounds and the smell got stronger. He banged her until he shot his load in her. Again I tasted her juices. They were hotter now and smelled even better.

Paul put his larger dick by Sue's ass and rubbed it up and down through her slit and crack. She moaned, "Fuck me! Stretch my pussy! Fill it full of come!" So he slid his cock in her and

having a good time."—*G.N., Little Rock, Arkansas*

Sometimes one man or woman just isn't enough—and they do say the more the merrier! If you've had a hot session with multiple

partners, or witnessed one, or heard about one, or have a good idea for one, write to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department GB, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or you can send e-mail to: letters@ffn.com

"In the motel we all took our clothes off. Charley and Rick had eight-inch dicks, Paul over nine. Sue said to film everything that looked hot or slick"

you to lick my ass crack up through my slit for about five minutes, and then you can have sloppy seconds."

We had a small wedding, then drove to a motel about 50 miles away. Inside, we all took our clothes off. Charley and Rick had eight-inch dicks, Paul over nine. Sue told me to film everything that looked hot or slick. She laid down with a pillow under her butt, and Charley slid his

fucked her hard. I cried, "Go on, Paul, fuck the hell out of my wife! Make this a night she won't forget."

After Paul flooded Sue's pussy, I licked her ass and pussy for 40 minutes, then slid my dick in to find out if I liked sloppy seconds. I pounded her until I emptied my load. She said, "So how do you like sloppy seconds?" I said, "I love it, and I want more anytime you feel like



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Moral: What happens under the blanket stays under the blanket?

I had an experience last winter that still excites me when I think about it. It was a bitterly cold January night here in the upper Midwest. My wife had tons of classroom papers to correct, so I drove her to school so she could work that evening. There was a wrestling meet that night, so I went to the gym to kill some time watching until my wife finished.

The competition that night was somewhat weak, so the crowd was rather small. I sat off to one side high up in the bleachers. A short time later I noticed my wife's friend Rita standing below, looking around. I waved casually, and when she didn't find any other familiar faces, she climbed up and sat next to me.

Rita's son is on the wrestling team, but his opponent had forfeited that night, and she wasn't too interested in the other matches. I really only knew her casually, she being mainly a friend of my wife. She keeps in excellent shape, running after school in the hallways during winter, as she had done today. She had on sweatpants, and had a light blanket with her to cover up, since they don't keep the heat turned up that high in the gym.

She offered to share the blanket, and I said, "Sure." A few minutes later I felt the pressure of her leg against mine. I glanced over at her, but she was staring straight ahead at the action, so I

thought nothing of it. Shortly I felt even more pressure, and I started to think, *this is for real!* Thinking I had a 50-50 chance of getting slapped silly, I decided to go for it, and under the blanket moved my hand onto her upper thigh.

To my surprise, there was no resistance! In fact, her legs moved *farther apart*. With my hand on her thigh, I started to rub back and forth, caressing her inner leg. I glanced over again, and she was still staring straight ahead, but now her eyes were half closed and a bead of moisture had formed on her lip.

I couldn't believe it, but *still* she made no effort to stop me! So I slid my hand over her crotch and rubbed her pussy through her sweatpants, where a moist patch had developed. Realizing now that there would be no resistance, I slid my hand up to her belly and under the elastic band of her sweats. I quickly moved down and was soon sliding my fingers along her slippery pussy lips.

Her legs spread wider, and I slid two fingers in her trimmed cunt. I glanced over again and saw her eyes completely shut and her breath coming in short gasps. I continued to slide my fingers up and down her slick gash and soon felt her thighs clamp down on my hand. A few quick shudders went through her.

When she was breathing normally, I withdrew my well-lubricated fingers from her pants. Soon after, the

match ended and we both got up to leave, without saying a word!

In the hallway I saw Rita chatting with other people. When she looked my way we made eye contact, and a sly grin crossed her face, but that was the extent of it. Since that night, every time I run into her I still get that sly grin, and *still* no words are spoken about what happened.

I only hope to run into her and share a blanket with her again this year. Maybe this time it'll be *my* turn.—
Name and address withheld

Here's one way to fill a weekend when you're stuck on the road

I travel a lot on business and always get my share of attention from men I meet. At 34 I'm in my prime and often find myself horny when many miles from home and husband. I've had countless one-night stands but am selective and discreet when I do. One rule I stick to is *never mixing business with pleasure*, even though this has cost me sales I knew I could have had.

One weekend when I'd already been away from home for five days, I was stuck in Cincinnati waiting for a Monday-afternoon pitch meeting. Friday evening I went down to dinner determined to see if there were any available men my type. Since it was hot and muggy, I'd skipped hose, zipping myself into a snug light blue sheath, with white heels, and was carrying



just a small clutch purse.

It was early, and I was offered my choice of tables. I chose one by a window overlooking the river and asked for time to enjoy a cocktail before ordering, then sat sipping it. My thoughts were interrupted by the waiter saying to me, "Excuse me, miss, but the

gentleman in the doorway would like to join you and pick up your dinner check in exchange for the pleasure of your company."

I glanced at the door and saw a well-dressed man a few years older than me, tall and quite handsome. He smiled and waved. I figured what the hell and said I'd

LETTERS

be happy to have his company. A minute later Barry was introducing himself.

He too was stuck there for the weekend on business, and he wasn't accustomed to eating dinner without his wife's company. We had two cocktails while chatting, then enjoyed a fine dinner. I tried to pay for mine, but he insisted a deal was a deal. But he accepted when

I offered to buy him an after-dinner drink in the lounge.

In the lounge a three-piece band began playing blues music on the small stage, and couples began dancing on the cozy dance floor in a dark corner of the room. When Barry asked me to dance, I accepted, and felt comfortable as he led me gracefully around the floor. One dance led to

"Please don't be offended, but you're a very desirable woman, and that thing has a mind of its own."

"It's okay," I whispered. "I understand completely. My panties are dripping wet. I love my husband, but I wouldn't say no if you tried to seduce me after you walk me to my room."

He whispered, "I've been married 19 years and never *thought* about stepping out before tonight, but I'd *love* to walk you to your room."

Moments after entering my room we embraced and kissed. I helped him remove his jacket and tie and unbutton his shirt, then ran my fingers through his thick chest hair. He laughed and said, "You don't waste any time, do you?"

I replied, "I thought we both knew why we came up here. I certainly didn't come to play cards."

He kissed me again, unzipping my dress while embracing me, then when our lips parted helped me step out of it. He stepped back and looked me up and down and said, "Ohmygod, I can't believe this. It's been 15 years since I saw such a beautiful body." I let him look for a minute, then sank to my knees and helped him out of his pants while he slipped his shirt off.

It took a little doing, but I worked his boxers down past his cock, which stood up like a steel tube out of a thick growth of curly brown pubic hair. His balls hung low and heavy. I kissed them and licked up his thick cock, intending to take it in



"I had his thick manmeat up my snatch. He was trembling like a leaf, but that didn't stop his instinct. He humped me like a bunny"

another, and soon he was holding me very close. His hot breath on my neck sent tingles down my back.

We'd just begun our seventh or eighth dance when I felt his hard cock pressing against my tummy, bringing a flush to me. As he lowered his hands and cupped my ass cheeks to pull me even closer, I looked up at him questioningly, and he said,

my mouth, but he lifted me to my feet and said, "I want this to last." He unclasped my bra and drew it down my arms, freeing my breasts. He tossed the covers back and eased me onto the bed, where he lavished my tits with kisses and sucked on my large, aching nipples.

He began munching on my panty-covered pussy. I wanted his tongue in my cunt and started pushing my panties down myself to send him a message. Moments later he had his face buried in my snatch, licking from my asshole to my clit, stopping to drill his tongue in and out of me like a small cock until I exploded.

When I recovered, he positioned himself above me with his cock poised to enter me and asked if I was on the Pill. I moaned and said, "My tubes are tied, so please just fuck me, Barry. I need your cock." A split second later I had his thick manmeat up my snatch. He was so excited, he was trembling like a leaf, but that didn't stop his natural instinct. He began humping me like a bunny.

Barry's thick cock hit all the right places, and I was on my way toward an explosive orgasm that curled my toes and left me breathless. Amazingly, he was able to keep from coming, and when I recovered continued to fuck me, now confident and in command. He hooked his arms around my legs, pressed my knees up near my ears and kept driving his cock in until he buried his face in the nape of

my neck and moaned while pumping his come in me.

I cradled him in the valley of my thighs until his limp cock slipped from between my lips and dangled in my ass crack. His lips met mine for a few tender kisses. At last he dismounted, saying, "That was the best sex I've had in 15 years. I can't thank you enough."

When he started to get out of bed, I grabbed his hand and asked where he was going. He said he thought I'd probably want to be alone. I said, "That's the *last* thing I want. I need to be *held*. And if something comes up, I'm ready and willing to do it again."

We lay snuggling and talking, learning more about each other but without revealing too much about our personal lives. While he kissed my neck and ears and stroked my breasts, I fondled his hardening cock. His eyes just about popped out of his head when I straddled him and lowered my slippery cunt to envelop his erection. This session lasted nearly an hour, with us changing positions half a dozen times. We were doing it doggie-style when he finally unloaded again.

I told him not to go anywhere, then made a quick trip to the bathroom. When I returned to bed, I turned out the lights. We fell asleep cuddled as only lovers can cuddle and rested peacefully until five the next morning. I awoke to find Barry nursing tenderly on my left nipple while cupping my crusty mound and rubbing



my clit. When I stirred, he slipped his middle finger between my ragged lips, dipping it in the semen still pooled in my pussy from the previous night.

His big cock pressed urgently against my thigh, and he aroused me by kissing his way down to my pubic hair. I couldn't believe he was going to eat my pussy

in its funky condition, but moments later I felt his hot tongue replace the finger!

Barry and I engaged in a sexual marathon that lasted until ten Monday morning, when we both had to prepare for our meetings. He left a satisfied man, and I had a happy pussy when my cab dropped me off at my destination.



"The deal was based strictly on the merits, so as far as I'm concerned I didn't break my rule against mixing business and pleasure"

I've had some surprise encounters in my life, but none quite as shocking as when I was shown into the boardroom and saw none other than Barry sitting at the head of the table! I put on my best business face, as did he, when we were introduced. I learned that he was the chairman of the board, in from their corporate HQ. I took a seat between him and Cory, the man I'd been dealing with

for weeks. About two hours later I left with handshakes and a signed contract.

Back in my hotel room, I spoke to my office and found out they'd scheduled another meeting for me in Cincinnati the next day, so I was there for another night! As soon as I hung up, the phone rang. It was Barry, wanting to talk to me before I left for the airport. I told him to come up anytime, since I had to stay another

night. You probably already know what this led to. Within minutes after he walked in the room we were fucking.

Barry assured me, by the way, that my getting the contract had nothing to do with the fact that I'd given him the best sex of his life. The deal was based strictly on the merits, so as far as I'm concerned I didn't break my rule against mixing business and pleasure.—*G.N., Chicago, Illinois*

When this doc saw his opening, he let nothing stand in his horny way

I think of Seth as just another horny doctor trying to get laid easily because of his status at the hospital where I work as a nurse. He's made passes at every nurse in the place and most of the

admin staff and custodial staff as well. He's tried to bed me at least once a week for the last year.

I'm used to a lot of male attention, but Seth was too much. However, one day I was mad at my asshole husband and finally let Seth have his way with me. When he made his normal move of putting his arm around my shoulder, I didn't stop him like usual. When his hand slid down further to caress the soft curved top of my breasts, I *still* didn't stop him. Was he ever surprised when I let him squeeze my round ass through my uniform! He saw my erect nipples and went half insane.

"Maybe we should go somewhere more private?" I suggested, and Seth, shocked as hell, led me off on a quest for an empty room. However, every room we tried was occupied! Maintenance guys were seemingly everywhere, and there were even custodians working in the linen rooms on the floor.

We were getting desperate. Finally we found a two-person room that had only one patient, a man in his 50s. We pulled the curtain around us and went for it!

Seth was all but drooling as I pulled up my dress and pulled down my white pantyhose. He had this smarmy smirk on his face—but an impressive prick in his hand. I have to admit, he *is* well-endowed. I bent over the edge of the bed waiting for his penetration, but instead he dived for me and began licking both my pussy and

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my ass from behind. My hips squirmed from side to side and I quivered with the anticipation of his imminent penetration.

He rubbed his cock against the smooth softness of my inner thigh, then rubbed it slowly up toward my entrance. Then he touched my swollen labia and began to press into me. I drew a quick breath as I poised for him entering. Suddenly he *slammed* in, and I gasped and groaned loud enough for the patient on the other side of the curtain to hear me.

Seth pulled back till only his tip was in me and then slammed back in again. He reached around and fondled my tits through my uniform while continuing to drive in me from behind. From the other side of the curtain we began to hear low moans. It seemed that maybe the patient was masturbating in a rhythm to ours! Seth, being a sleazeball, reached over and pulled the curtain back, allowing the guy a complete unobstructed view while he banged away at me from behind.

Despite myself, I got so excited that I had goose bumps all over me when I glanced over and saw the patient clearly stroking his own cock. Seth began to grunt. I told him not to come in me since he wasn't wearing a condom. So he pulled out and spurted gobs of semen all over my upturned ass and uniform. I was really pissed, because I hadn't gotten off yet, but the bastard just pulled away and

slapped my ass, then pulled up his pants and slipped out of the room.

Meanwhile the patient groaned again, and my attention turned to him. Still excited, and taking pity on the poor guy, I reached over and took his throbbing cock in my hand. As I stroked him, he reached down and played with my wet pussy, and I totally lost my senses.

I bent down and took him in my mouth. After bobbing my head only two or three times, I heard him groan deeply, and he filled my mouth with semen, which I swallowed greedily.

But that wasn't all of it. Just as he was giving me a mouthful of his come, I felt him push a finger in my ass. That was at once so unexpected and so stimulating

that it brought me to a rip-roaring climax that had my entire body shaking for several seconds.

When I finally calmed down, I rearranged my uniform and strode out of the room like a respectable professional, feeling quite content with myself.—*Name and address withheld*

This housewife plays for real when she gets out on the town

After the kids left the kitchen and I started to clean up the dinner table, my husband told me a story that a guy in his office had told him that afternoon. He said he could barely believe it. His coworker said he was on the subway in the corner of the car when a woman in a short dress with nothing underneath started giving a guy a handjob, then let him *actually fuck her* right there in the crowded car!

I just said something like "Yeah, who could believe that?" But the story stuck with me, as you'll see.

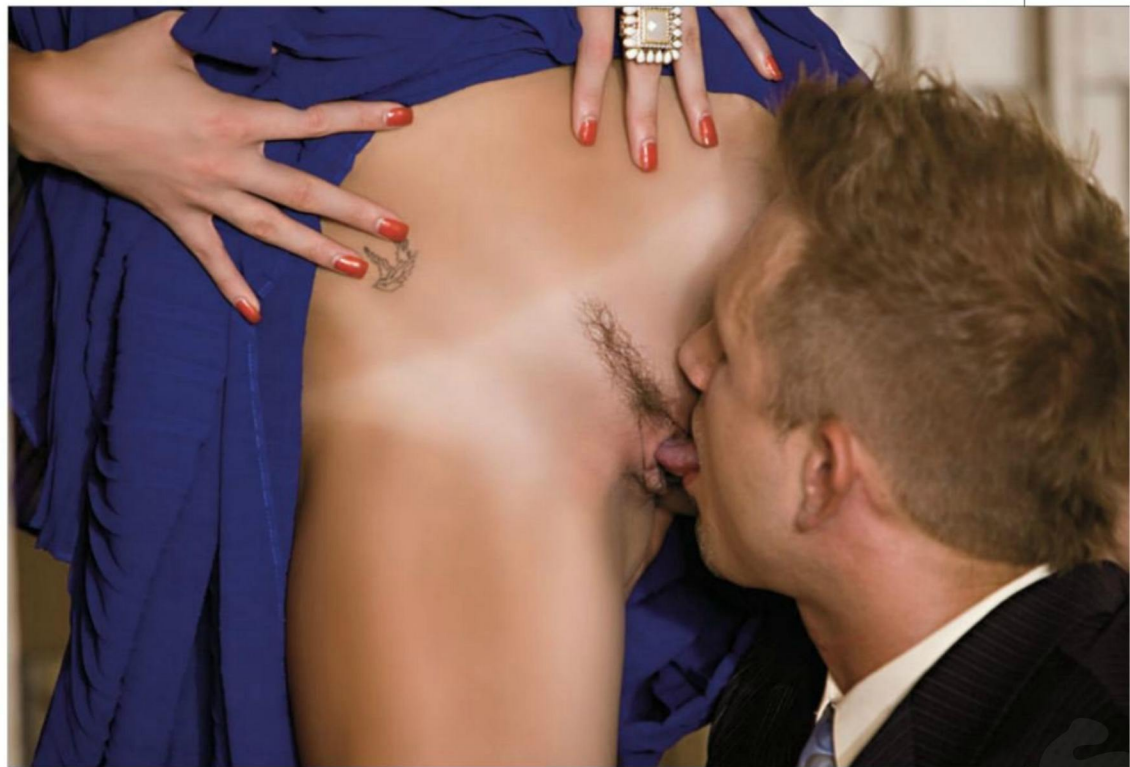
Being a 33-year-old housewife, I don't get much chance to dress sexy like I did when I was young and single, but I do when I can. When I go to the mall I like to wear heels and a tight sweater with a short skirt. As I walk around, the men stare at my legs. I love the attention! It really turns me on when I feel a guy's eyes roaming over my body. I'll even give a lucky guy or two a flash by bending over to pick something up that I "accidentally" dropped or



by sitting on a bench and crossing and uncrossing my legs as they walk by.

This has even led to me being approached by admiring men who strike up conversations in the hope of having a little tryst at a local motel or even in their car. I admit that this sort of thing has indeed happened a couple of times, resulting in me being fucked—once in a cheap motel and once in the back of an SUV.

One day I decided to go into the city and ride on the subway to have some fun. I wore a revealing sundress that was short and had a plunging neckline, with a drawstring that laced down the back. The yellow cotton was thin with a floral design and fit perfectly around my chest and waist but was extremely short, which I liked, since I wanted to show my



“His coworker said he was on the subway when a woman let a guy fuck her right there in the crowded car! The story stuck with me”

legs off. As I walked, the hem of the dress would sway back and forth, and sometimes swing all the way up so the bottoms of my ass cheeks were visible.

I drove into the city, parked and entered the nearest subway station. It was around four in the afternoon, so rush hour was beginning. Where-

ever I walked, I soon found men following close behind. I got on an escalator and drew a small crowd.

On the platform, I boarded a car packed with commuters. Several men offered me their seats, but I wanted to ride standing up. The men sitting near me tried to see up my dress as much as

they could. I had great fun catching them as they tried to look away, knowing I'd caught them. Some guys crowded in around me and touched my legs and ass lightly. One daring guy even reached up and brushed my breast as he took a pen out of his breast pocket.

Eventually I boarded another car along with a bunch of men. It was very crowded. I got within the group and rode standing, holding the hand rail above me while I held my purse with the other hand. At the first stop, I “accidentally” lost my balance and fell into the man facing me. I put my hand on his shoulder to brace myself, and he put out a hand to

steady me. I apologized, but he smiled and said it was his pleasure.

At the next stop I did it again, this time pressing my whole body into his. He put an arm around me and held me close for a few seconds. I told him I must be clumsy, but he said it was more like it was his lucky day, and I felt him press his pelvis into me, his cock seemingly hardening. This was exactly the effect that I wanted to have on him! I pushed away slightly, and he released my waist. I dropped my purse, and he immediately knelt to pick it up for me!

As he came back up, I subtly lifted the front of my dress, and he froze briefly

when he realized I wasn't wearing panties! As he got up, he ran his free hand up my leg and grazed my wet pussy. I thanked him for getting my purse, and he said softly, "Thank *you* for the view." He looked around, then nonchalantly dropped his hand and slid it under my sundress. The train was starting to slow. He put his other hand under the back of my dress and caressed my ass and penetrated my pussy with his other hand.

I started to get nervous and got off when the train stopped. Others must have seen this, because as I made my way to the door, at least two or three more sets of hands grabbed me under my sundress. Once I got off, my head was spinning so



"Although it was awkward, he got his cockhead in me, followed by two or three inches. He pulled me tight to him to get another inch in"

badly, I had to take a seat.

I decided to take one more trip and this time be as *bold as I could*. I got on a train near the rear of a car and positioned myself in front of a nice-looking, well-dressed man reading a newspaper. At first he didn't seem to notice me, but I leaned slightly and pressed up against his paper. He looked up and smiled when he saw me. I apologized,

and he went back to reading his paper. As he was lifting it back up, I made it catch the bottom of my dress, and up came the front! He didn't see what he'd done, but the guy next to him did—his eyes were as big as saucers.

The guy with the paper realized something was up and moved the paper to the side. He was now staring directly into my trimmed

bush. I let him have a good look before running my hand slowly down the front of my dress. He looked up, and I smiled. He folded his paper and put his hand on my smooth inner thigh. I held my stance while he ran his hand up my leg to my bush—with the man beside him staring intently.

I leaned toward him and felt a finger penetrate my wet pussy. After probing me for a few seconds, the man looked around quickly, then stood up. I leaned into him, and he moved my hand to his crotch. I squeezed it a few times. Knowing I had an audience thrilled me even more. Together we got his cock out. In the crush of people I stroked him slowly, but he wanted more.

He got directly in front of

me, and although it was awkward, managed to get his cockhead in me, followed by the first two or three inches. He moved his hips slowly and gripped my ass to pull me tight to him and get another inch of cock in me. Several other male passengers noticed, and I felt two more hands squeezing my ass and another fondling a breast.

I was totally carried away, and so was the guy with his cock inside me. He twitched, then started spewing come. I got a little panicky when I realized he didn't have a rubber on, but he pulled out and shot the rest over my vagina and inner thighs. He pulled away just as the train was slowing down.

I let my dress fall into place and made my way to

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the door, with hands again grabbing me under my dress. As I was standing in the crowd by the door waiting to get off, I felt the tip of a hard cock rub my bare ass under my dress, trying (unsuccessfully) to get in either my ass or pussy.

I got really nervous as the doors had now opened, so I reached back and stroked the cock against my ass like a fury. Luckily the guy came quick, shooting on my ass. A split second later my dress fell into place as I stepped off the train at the station where I had boarded. I hurried through the crowd to my car, knowing I had jism leaking from my pussy, making a mess of my dress.

I had barely enough time to get home ahead of my husband and kids and get cleaned up and start dinner. It was a close call, but when we sat down to eat, nobody seemed to notice anything out of the ordinary!—*Name and address withheld*

Her mountain retreat turned out not to be away from everything

After my first husband died, all the married men I knew seemed to come out of the woodwork to “console” me, until I married the first *single* man I went out with. I soon learned that it was a mistake and got a divorce, then devoted myself to selling the business my first husband and I had worked so hard to build, since it was too much to handle alone.

Once my finances were in order, I decided to go

someplace where nobody knew me and kick back, letting my mind and body relax. It was summer, so the South was out. But I love the mountains, and located a small modern cabin in the Rockies. I packed shorts, jeans and numerous tops and headed out in the four-wheel-drive truck that had been my first husband’s.

I arrived in a picturesque small town and located the agent I had rented the cabin through. She said it would be best to *show* me where it was, since most of the roads were unmarked—it was only six miles out of town, but it took half an hour to get to!

It was beautiful, located on a small stream with a footbridge across it leading to a trail up the mountain. Connie, the agent, said there was one other cabin, about 200 yards up the creek, then occupied by someone from New Mexico who would be there for three more weeks—when I would get a new neighbor. She said that people around there always got along and helped each other out on shopping trips and such.

Thankfully, Connie had supplied the place with the staples I would need for several days, so I didn’t have to make a trip to the store that day. I just unpacked and settled into my home for the next four months.

I slept soundly and woke feeling unburdened for the first time since losing the love of my life. I showered and took a look at myself in the mirror. I decided I still looked pretty damn good

considering I was past 50—at five feet two, 106 pounds, my natural C-cup breasts still firm thanks to my never getting caught up in the braless craze.

After breakfast I took my fishing pole to try catching my lunch from the bridge.

needing a license! So now I was in trouble—on the first day of feeling better!

I just about lost it. He got out of his truck and, saying, “Come on, lady, it’s okay,” took my fish and pole and led me to the cabin. He said that if I didn’t have a license



Within 15 minutes I had two pan-size brook trout. Heading back to the cabin, as I approached, I saw a truck beside mine with the logo of the state game and fish bureau on the door. A handsome young man behind the wheel said, “Good morning, miss. May I check your fishing license, please?”

Busted! I hadn’t thought of

he could issue me one, and overlook anything I’d already done. He insisted he wasn’t there to ruin my stay.

Brad got a briefcase from his truck and gave me the application form. I filled it out, and when he looked at it, he said I must have made a mistake on my DOB. I said I wished I could say yes, but it was right. He said, “They

sure don't make 52-year-old women like you where I come from." After I paid him the fee and he issued the license, I offered him a soda and we sat on the porch swing drinking and talking.

I said the mountains were beautiful, and just the place

when he said he wouldn't recommend that anyone hike it alone, as they'd had two bear attacks on this range the previous summer. I thanked him and said I would stay near the cabin where it was safe. He said he was scheduled to go up



"One Sunday Brad showed up as I walked back from swimming in the deep pool under the bridge. We ended up making out on the sofa"

for me to unwind now that my affairs back home were settled. Brad said he'd been a warden for 11 years, and single since his wife left him six years before.

To change the subject I asked about the trail leading up the mountain. Was it safe for a woman to hike without fear of bears or what-ever? I was glad I'd asked

the trail across the creek the end of the week to change the cards in the trail cams and would be happy to have my company. Naturally I agreed.

When Brad arrived at day-break on Friday I was ready, and was soon following him on what I expected to be a short hike up the mountain. It turned out to be an all-day

affair. The trail made it a relatively easy hike, but I was still exhausted when we finally got back at half past four. Brad thanked me for the company, and I thanked him for letting me tag along and showing me the amazing sights. He said he had to leave then to check in before half past five but would stop by in a few days.

Over the next three weeks Brad became a regular visitor. I slowly became comfortable enough that I didn't bother covering up when he came by. One Sunday he showed up as I was walking back after swimming in the deep pool below the bridge and we ended up making out on the sofa. We spent the next several evenings

together, but never went beyond first base.

That Friday I invited Brad to dinner, knowing he had Saturday off. After dinner we sat on the porch drinking wine in the moonlight and smooching a little. He whispered in my ear that he had never wanted a woman like he wanted me, and he had a constant hard-on just thinking about me. I said I

down, but he didn't rush things, carefully exploring my folds until he located my swollen nubbin. He teased it with a fingertip, making me squirm with need.

When his need became more than he could deny, he said, looming over me, that he didn't have any condoms but would withdraw to protect me. I said that was sweet but I was past getting

was building toward another when he spewed a second load inside me.

I held him until his cock softened and slipped out of my clinging lips, uncorking a rush of come. "Well," I said, "was my old ass any good?" He said it was the best he ever had, and he couldn't wait to eat my pussy and fuck me some more.

He did just that, spending

months and continued our relationship. When the snow began falling in November, I had to return home to make sure my house was winterized. The night before I left, Brad had his cock in my pussy continuously, which left me so exhausted, I had to stop and get a room after driving only 200 miles. But I slept well that night!—V.F., *Kansas City, Missouri*

"Brad loved me giving him head, which he hadn't had much of. I'd have happily drunk his load, but he always saved it for my snatch"

was flattered but had a good 20 years on him. He said that was what made me so damn sexy, but he would leave if I asked him to.

I stood up, extended my hand and said, "Would you like to join me in the bedroom? You can see if being with an old lady is everything you're imagining."

In the bedroom we stood across the bed from one another and undressed, then slipped in bed and embraced. Brad caressed my body, moaning when he finally slid his hand between my legs and cupped my wetness. He whispered, "I haven't touched a woman's vagina in six years. Yours feels like wet velvet."

I gave him easy access by spreading my legs and moving my pelvis up and

pregnant and *wanted* to feel his semen in my pussy. I guided his cock to my vagina, and he eased it in in one smooth motion. It was the perfect size to fill my snug cunt, about six and a half inches, and very thick. I like that better than length.

Without even taking a stroke, the poor man shuddered, and I felt a surge of semen fill my pussy and overflow around his throbbing cock. He couldn't have withdrawn if he'd wanted! It was one of the strongest orgasms I'd seen a man have.

Afterward, he clung to me, his cock still hard as stone inside me. Once he recovered his breath, he fucked me with strong, steady strokes that stimulated my clitoris perfectly. I had a lovely orgasm and



every night in bed with me eating or fucking me until we fell asleep from exhaustion. He especially loved me giving him head, which he hadn't had much of. I'd have happily drunk his load, but he always saved it for my snatch.

When my lease time ran out at the cabin I moved into Brad's place for another two

We always say it's better to be chased than to be chaste. If you've had an experience that will turn fellow readers on (and maybe inspire them to do a little pursuing of their own!), write a letter and send it to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department PC, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or send e-mail to: letters@fn.com



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the lightening? Check!







Buried deep within her slick snatch, his cock scratches her itch, massaging her G-spot. The pleasure takes her breath away and satisfies her need—for now.





SPOTLIGHT ON

Kinky Cougars

He had known a number of older women in his time, but this one took the cake—and anything else she could get

I was about 35 years old when I realized that the women I was most strongly drawn to were older than I was—much older, in most cases. I was drawn to them emotionally, intellectually, socially and above all physically—particularly if they were still fairly attractive, and open-minded about sex.

Over the last 10 years I have come to know many such women—cougars, as they are called—and I remember them all fondly. They were all different, with varying tastes and preferences when it came to sex. I had never dreamed that I could enjoy such a sheer variety of sexual experience.

Lynn, for example, was every man's fantasy, in that about 90 percent of the time all she wanted was to satisfy me orally. This was not a pretense on her part, nor simply a desire to cater to my whims; she simply and sincerely loved giving me blowjobs, which she did enthusiastically and on a regular basis—in the car, in the shower, in the middle of dinner or at five in the morning. Any time, any place. And she had the most talented mouth I had ever known.

Sarah was most turned on by watching herself having sex. It didn't matter what act we were engaging in, she wanted as many mirrors as possible surrounding us so she could see our reflections. The more mirrors there were, the wilder this cougar became. I had to admit, it gave a new perspective to sexual pleasure.

Lori's big turn-on had to do with

clothing—everything from teddies to evening gowns to exotic costumes. She was obsessed with how various outfits made her look, and how they felt on her skin, and she relished nothing so much as dressing up for me. I will never forget the night she wore a one-piece full body outfit, a black see-through fishnet thing, with cut-outs exposing only her breasts, crotch and ass. She topped it off with six-inch stiletto heels, black lipstick and a black studded neck collar. When she handed me a pair of nipple clamps, along with a studded cock ring, I knew I was in for a memorable night.

What lit Julia's fire was kissing. Prolonged, wet, sloppy, noisy kissing. Her idea of great foreplay was to literally bathe my entire face, neck, shoulders, and ears with her lips and tongue. I had no idea a person's mouth could produce so much saliva for so long a period.

I got Nina's full attention, and sexual devotion, by buying her a variety of sex toys. As long as it vibrated it got her so hot that she could deny me nothing, every time.

And then there was Alicia. No matter what we did sexually, she always wanted to finish by watching me ejaculate. I had to marvel at the way she could come by watching me come. "Gush for me, baby!" she would exclaim. "Let it loose, honey, hose me with your cream! Give it to me, let me see it now!" And when I shot she would go crazy, taking as much of it on her body or her face as she could







"Before our first date she wrote to me: 'I know we will have sex the first time we see each other. Write to me and tell me what you want—anything you want'"

as she moaned out her climax.

As wonderful and exciting as these women—and others—were, there was one who, in my mind, stands head and shoulders above them all. I can only describe Lisa as a sexual artist. Her erotic pallet was infinite. As attractive as she was, her mind and imagination were the most intensely sexual things about her.

At the age of 62, Lisa had an amazing body, and she loved to use it as it was meant to be used. I never would have guessed that a woman at her point in life could still be so enthusiastic about sex. Early in our relationship she told me, "Before I get any older, I want to have a man who is not just a lover, but a stud. I want you to know that I can and will keep up with you, that I will keep you satisfied at all times, that I will fulfill your every fantasy, and that we will share things with each other that we have never shared with anyone else."

Well, she wasn't kidding. Our relationship was almost totally sexual—uninhibited, graphic, almost animalistic in its nature.

We found each other on an Internet dating site, and before we ever met in person we had shared enough e-mail about our sexual desires to fill a small library.

Before our first date she wrote to me: "I know we will have sex the first time we see each other. Write to me and tell me what you want—anything you want. Surprise me, and I will surprise you back!"

On our first date we met at a restaurant and had a great dinner. The conversation was effortless between us. She had already described herself to me in our correspondence, but she had been modest. Brown hair, blue eyes, perfect teeth, large natural breasts, a long and slender neck, flared hips and a perfectly shaped ass. Her short skirt allowed me to take in her legs, and her floral blouse revealed a generous amount of

cleavage, and a tattoo of a red hummingbird on the inner slope of one of her tits.

"Now let me take you to my home and show you what you are in for," she said to me when we finished eating. At her house she gave me a quick tour before we settled on her sofa with large glasses of wine. The wine was forgotten as almost instantly we melted together in a kiss that told each of us in no uncertain terms what we needed, and where we were about to go.

"Relax," Lisa said breathlessly as the kiss ended. "I'll be right back." She left the room for several minutes, and before she returned she called out from the hallway, "Are you ready to be spoiled?"

She was an erotic vision as she walked back into the room. She had changed into a sheer full-length black negligee, accented with black high heels and black gloves. She carried a small, antique-looking wooden box which she placed on the coffee table in front of me. Opening it, she took out a CD player and turned it on. Slow, soft, sensual saxophone music filled the room.

"Let me get my stallion primed and ready before I mount him and ride him until he's good and lathered," she said with a teasing smile. As I stared, she then began a slow, sensuous striptease, a performance that was a work of art, in perfect synchronization with the sinuous music. She danced with her entire body, seeming to move in ten directions at once, as I watched in stunned silence. Her hands flowed across her body, her facial expression ever changing, her eyes closing, then opening to engulf me in their erotic challenge.

I lost track of time as I sat there, almost in disbelief at what I was seeing, and hearing too. For after a few minutes Lisa began to talk to me.

"Do you like what you see?" she murmured. "Is my dance making you

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hard? Tell me, is your cock getting bigger? Do you want to see more?"

Oh my god! I thought to myself, but all I could do was nod to her.

With that she let her sheer robe drop to the floor, fully exposing her gorgeous body. Her large tits hung low, but they looked beautiful to me. Her nipples were the size and shape

"I want to see your cock, baby. Oh baby, let me see that big, hard, gorgeous cock! Take it out, baby, show it to me now!"

And so I did. As I unzipped my fly, my dick sprang out as though it had been held captive for years.

"Oh yes, baby!" Lisa crooned. "I knew it would be so big and long! I



of pencil erasers, the halos around them large and dark, visibly peppered with tiny nodules. Slowly, sensually, she began caressing those breasts. After a minute she slowly took off her gloves and reached inside the wooden box again. She drew out a bottle of baby oil and poured it generously over her tits, letting it cascaded down over her tummy to her pussy, and then over her thighs and legs.

With her tits now coated and glistening with oil, her movements intensified. She moaned and sighed loudly as her hands again caressed her breasts, grabbing at them, squeezing them together, her fingers digging into the soft flesh, pinching and pulling harder on her tiny nipples as she shook them violently before me.

"Oh baby!" she groaned hoarsely.

love it, baby! Look how hard it is! Oh, it's so nice and thick, and it's almost pulsating, baby!"

She was right. Though I hadn't touched my dick, I was on the verge of orgasm just from watching and hearing her. With great effort I forced my mind to control my bodily urges. As I calmed down, Lisa again reached into her box, this time pulling out a life-like seven-inch dildo.

"Oh baby, I want to suck that cock so bad!" she breathed. "I want to lick it up and down, every inch of it. I want that big dick to fill my mouth. I want to feel it slide down my throat, baby. I want my mouth fucked by that gorgeous cock!"

And with that, Lisa began to do what she had just described—but to the dildo, not to me. Having just



“Does my stud want to get sucked or fucked first?’ she asked me with a smile. But instead of waiting for a reply, she came over to kneel in front of me”

calmed down, I was going wild again. I could see the glimmer of precome oozing from the tip of my dick.

Lisa proceeded to suck, stroke and lick the false cock in a hundred different ways, at varying angles and speeds. She held it to her mouth with one hand while the other went back to rubbing her tits. After a minute, still sucking on the dildo, she moved her free hand from her breasts to her ass, grabbing each cheek in turn, squeezing, shaking and finally slapping them lustily.

I was so aroused my body was almost shaking now, and finally I made a move to get up and approach her. “Not yet baby,” Lisa said, stopping me in my tracks. “Strip for me,” she said then, and I did so quickly. When I was naked she pulled the dildo from her mouth and put it aside.

“Does my stud want to get sucked or fucked first?” she asked me with a smile. I was speechless, but instead of waiting for a reply, she came over to kneel in front of me. “I really, really

want to suck you off,” she said.

My cock was twitching as her face hovered over it, her mouth releasing a stream of saliva which fell on it and slid down its length. “Oh God, your cock is so impressive, baby,” she murmured. “Let’s see how long we can keep this blowjob going, okay? Do your best to last for me. Hold it back as long as you can. Oh baby, I truly want to have my mouth and throat filled with your cock, and I can’t wait to feel your come gushing into my mouth!”

I almost popped a gasket right then and there, but Lisa grabbed my dick, pulling and squeezing it really hard four or five times, until my urge finally subsided.

She then proceeded to give me the most lavish and amazing oral sex I had ever known, or even imagined. A dozen times she would bring me to the edge, only to pull me back. I had such a prolonged and intense erection that I honestly thought my balls were going to implode, or something. And then something happened that I had never experienced before. My cockhead, which had been so full and bulging, now appeared to shrink, while my shaft remained completely hard and thick. In some strange way I had become overstimulated, to the point where I remained rock-hard but was unable to orgasm.

“Time to mount your stallion, baby,” I said to Lisa.

“But I want you to come in my mouth!” she said, with an almost hurt look in her eyes.

“I can’t right now, babe, you’ve got me too sensitive,” I told her.

With a moan, Lisa straddled me on the sofa and lowered her body onto my dick. Her pussy felt incredibly open, soft and slick. Her thick, protruding labia cloaked my shaft, her hairy pubes meshing with mine as she sank down on me all the way.

We began to move in earnest now, bucking, pushing, grabbing, thrusting,

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"I stood up, carrying her with me. She squeezed her legs around my waist, our thrusts never stopping as I held her ass and bounced her up and down"

pounding at each other wildly.

"Oh Christ, I'm fucking my stud!"

Lisa wailed as she clutched at me.

"Yeah, ride that cock, baby!" I yelled back.

The sofa was rocking and groaning now with our movements. "Suck my tits, bite my nipples, bite them!" she panted. I did so, at the same time smacking her ass hard, which made her cry out. We were both in a total frenzy. "I love it, I love it, pound that pussy, baby!" she bellowed. "Fuck me like I've never been fucked before, and don't you fucking hold back!"

We were panting so hard we were almost hyperventilating. Sweat covered our bodies. Our hands and mouths were everywhere on each other we could reach without breaking contact. I got so carried away that I pushed forward and stood up, carrying her with me. She squeezed her legs around my waist, our thrusts never stopping as I held her ass and bounced her up and down until my own legs started to cramp.

"Let me fuck your mouth, baby!" I pleaded. Immediately she slipped down to kneel before me, taking my dick in her moaning mouth. I thrust forward, holding her head still. Lisa grabbed my ass hard, grunting and groaning as I kept filling her throat.

Aroused as I was, I was still not sure I could come yet. After a minute Lisa pulled away from me and pushed me down again onto the sofa. She then straddled my face with her thighs, smearing the wetness of her pussy onto my mouth and nose. "Eat that pussy!" she panted as she grabbed my prick, stroking it hard and fast. "Do you like that pussy?" she demanded, grinding it over my face. "Taste it, baby, lap it up. Bet you've never been face-fucked like that before, have you?"

I could scarcely breathe. She was literally riding my face, bouncing wildly now. Then she moved off and slid down to mount my shaft again, this

time with her back toward me. Leaning forward, she thrust back onto me with all her strength, grunting with each thrust. "Yes, baby!" she yelled as I smacked her ass, leaving a distinct mark. She bent still further forward, and her anus winked at me. She gasped and then groaned as I pushed a thumb into that tiny opening.

"Oh God!" she wailed. "It's like I have two cocks inside me!"

My head was spinning. "That's right, you sweet bitch," I told her. "Ride 'em both, baby. Just let go and fuck!"

"You want to fuck me in the ass, don't you?" she panted, looking over her shoulder at me.

"Oh yes, baby, oh yes!" I replied.

She stood up then, and pulled me up with her. Then she knelt on all fours at one end of the sofa. "Give me the vibrator," she said. I found it and handed it to her. She turned it on and stuck it into her pussy, moving it rapidly back and forth.

"I'm really close to coming, baby," she got out. "Don't put your dick in my ass until I tell you." I obeyed, but used the time to lube both of us up with what was left of the baby oil. I then placed the head of my shaft against her little rosebud, waiting for the word.

Her hands and the vibrator were almost a blur now, and her groans were reaching fever pitch. Her body jerked hard. "Now baby, now, put it in me now!" she shouted, her voice cracking.

Holding her hips firmly, I slowly leaned into her, piercing her tight anal ring, pushing slowly, until I completely filled her rectum, her snug rear entrance grasping the base of my shaft like a vise. I seemed to be vacuum locked inside her and could hardly move, but it wasn't necessary; we were both moaning, the sounds increasing in pitch and volume until we were both jerking and bucking as we rode our mutual wave of release, my gushing spasms finally bringing some relief to my sore and aching balls.

Finally subsiding, we collapsed onto the sofa, covered with sweat, my dick still fully seated in the depths of her ass, our breathing slowly returning to normal. She moaned softly as my hands traveled lovingly over her thighs, tummy and chest. After a while we pulled away from each other, my cock coming out of her with a loud, wet popping sound.

"Let's wash off and take this to the bedroom," Lisa said then, and we

went to shower. Unbelievably, my cock was still hard. I could see my semen dripping out of her ass as I followed her down the hall.

We quickly showered, lathering each other up and down, then dried off and lay down on her soft, plush bed. "Jesus, that was intense!" I told her. "Is there anything else I can do for you?"

She grinned at me. "No," she replied. "But by the looks of that hard-

on, you still need some attention. Remember, I can always give you what you want, and I want you fully satisfied at all times."

And over the next two hours of constant sex she proceeded to prove what she said. I was astounded at her continued enthusiasm, energy and sheer endurance. It was a very rare treat to be given the opportunity to enjoy sex in any way I wished, in any position I could possibly dream up,



SPOTLIGHT ON



"She engulfed me completely with her lips, tongue and throat, and before I knew it she was swallowing my load with happy abandon until I went limp"

and for as long as I could be brought to another erection and another orgasm. Lisa rode and sucked me until around one in the morning, when I finally passed out from exhaustion.

Three hours later I woke to find her fingers and mouth wrapped around my cock yet again. Although it was red and raw from so much contact, it was as hard and ready as it had ever been. Seeing that I was awake, she quickly engulfed me completely with her lips, tongue and throat, and before I knew it I was gushing one more time, and she was swallowing my diminished load with happy abandon, keeping her mouth locked on me until I went completely limp.

We finally parted company later that morning, but during the next week we kept in touch through constant e-mails. The contents were almost exclusively sexual as we planned our next get-together. I told her some thoughts I had about what I wanted to do with her. I asked her to trust me completely, and she said without reservation that she would.

That Saturday night we took in dinner and a movie before going back to her place. The air was filled with sexual tension, and we were barely inside the door before we were kissing and groping at each other. We went directly to her bedroom. I had brought my overnight bag with me, and I opened it up while she went into the bathroom. I then stripped naked and got us each a glass of wine. When Lisa returned she was also naked. Handing her her glass, I said, "I propose a toast. To us, to honesty, to trust, to no regrets."

"I'll drink to that!" Lisa said. She took a gulp of wine and then lay down in the middle of the bed.

"You are absolutely beautiful," I told her honestly. "Are you ready?"

"For anything you want," was her reply. "Just how far down the rabbit hole are we going to go?"

"Let's find out," I answered. I took a piece of rope from my bag and began tying her by her wrists to the headboard of the bed. I then retrieved a blindfold and slipped it over her eyes so she was in darkness.

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"Let me just look at you for a while," I said, taking in her body again. Lisa had honored a request I had made of her earlier in the week, and had completely shaved her pussy, which now lay before me as smooth and bare as her bottom. "Gorgeous!" I said to her. "Show me more now. Show me everything."

With that Lisa drew her legs up and then let them fall open, her pussy lips parting to expose her even more. Her vulva was already moist. I moved closer and caressed her inner thighs as she held them open for me, relishing her surrender and trust.

Lisa's pose alone had me fully aroused. I knelt on the bed and brought my mouth to her pussy. I began by suckling each of her labia in turn. I then licked the length of her slit

from bottom to top, ending by dancing my tongue over her now fully exposed clit.

Lisa groaned loudly as I pressed that tongue firmly into her valley, darting it in and out of her oozing entrance. She was getting wetter by the second, and she whimpered as my middle finger tested her readiness, my lips now suckling at her clit.

"Oh Jesus!" she moaned as I raised her legs until her knees touched her breasts, penetrating her fully with my tongue. Her juices were literally flowing now as my head bobbed faster and faster up and down.

Still holding her legs open, I then quickly moved up over her, put my cock head against her entrance and rammed it in completely with one

motion, pulling out just as fast and shoving in as hard as I could, again and again. My dick was so coated with her juices it glimmered in the dim light. I then moved up again, bringing my shaft to her mouth. "Open wide and taste yourself," I told her.

Restricted somewhat by her position, her head bobbed up and down over half my length with a speed that took me by surprise. I thrust forward until my balls rested on her chin, and she took me down her throat with a willingness that thrilled me to the core.

Withdrawing, I put my mouth to her ear and whispered, "Now, my lover, I am simply going to take you until you beg me to stop!" I positioned myself between her legs once more and entered her fully. Bending those legs back, I began doing pushups, free-falling downward each time, my shaft slamming into her, bringing a series of moans from her now slack mouth.

I had to see her eyes. I wanted to know if this cougar was indeed being tamed. I pulled off the blindfold, staring into her wide, unblinking eyes as I kept up my hard, relentless pounding. "I want your orgasm!" I all but screamed at her. In a kind of frenzy, I untied the rope around her wrists, then reached for the vibrator and handed it to her. With a cry she quickly thrust the head of it against her clit, as I now held myself still, my dick all the way inside her. "Come for me!" I commanded her. "Come for me now!"

Lisa's eyes rolled back, her mouth fell open, and her body convulsed again and again as she screamed out her orgasm. "Don't stop!" I yelled, and she didn't, continuing to come helplessly, over and over, until I exploded inside her.

Though Lisa and I continued to enjoy each other, we never had sex of such wild intensity again. But after that night of trust, honesty and surrender, I knew that I had not only caught a cougar, I also had it completely tamed.—
J.G., Kansas City, Missouri

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The heart wants what it wants, but it's often the crotch that gets it

SHE GAVE UP HER VIRGINITY, BUT NOT THE WAY SHE HAD PLANNED

When I was a junior in college I had been dating my fiancé, Sam, for nearly two years, and couldn't wait to have sex with him; but I had promised my old-fashioned parents that I would wait until I turned 21. To my surprise, my mother gave me an early present two months before my 21st birthday, tak-



ing me to a doctor and asking him to put me on birth control pills. The doctor gave me a prescription and told me it would be safest if I waited two months for the pills to take effect before becoming sexually active.

Sam nearly creamed himself when I told him he could pop my cherry on my birthday, since he thought I was going to make him wait until we were married in June. But as fate would have it, Sam's father sent him out of town on a business errand for six weeks, just seven days before my birthday.

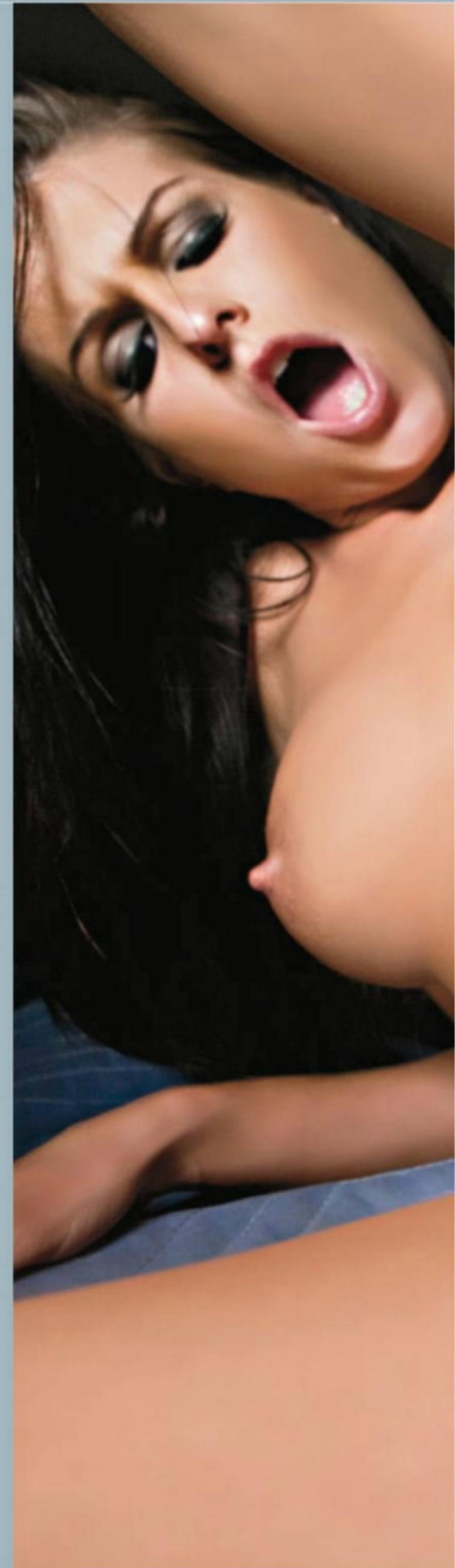
I would have said the hell with the seven days and done it then, but I had started my period that morning. With my plans dashed, I celebrated my birthday with my family instead of by becoming a woman, as I had originally planned.

A few days later I attended a college dance with two of my girlfriends, Olive and Kay. When the dance ended Olive said she wasn't feeling very well, so Kay and I dropped her off at her house and went on to a burger joint where people tended to congregate after the dances. Kay had the hots for Frank, a senior whose steady girl was out of town with her family. Seeing her chance, she immediately took up with him. For my part, I found myself sitting next to Leo, a good-looking guy who was in several of my classes. Kay and Frank were sitting across from us, and after a while they started smooching it up a bit. It was obvious that their hands were roaming under the table. I thought it was a little embarrassing, but Leo was playing it cool, so I pretended to do the same.

But I was caught off guard when Leo suddenly slid a hand up under my skirt, going directly to the crotch of my cotton panties. Before I could react he whispered in my ear, "God, Nan, I've wanted to feel you up since the first time I saw you in English Lit class."

It took me a second to realize that I had spread my legs for him almost automatically, since that was what I did whenever Sam felt me up. I loved it when he did that, and this felt even more erotic, having a strange hand exploring the most intimate part of my body. My crotch was soon soaked with my hot juices.

Leo didn't rush it, or try to get under my panties, but just let his fingers dance teasingly over my crotch through the wet cotton. I knew I was being unfair to Sam, but it had been almost two years since I'd been out with anyone but him, and I found it extremely exciting. Leo continued to whisper







sweet nothings in my ear while toying with my tingling pussy lips, and he soon had me squirming in my seat.

When he asked if I'd like to go out to his car, I said I would meet him outside, as I didn't want anybody to see us leaving together. He left first, and when I joined him a few minutes later he grabbed me and kissed me passionately. God, I was hot! I wanted to get fucked and see how it felt to have a hard cock in my hot pussy, and right then Sam was the furthest thing from my mind.

Fortunately Leo's car was parked in a dark and fairly secluded spot, and a second later we were in the spacious back seat. He got me out of my dress in record time, and then shed his shirt and pants without any protest from me. I had made up my mind, and was prepared to lose my virginity, regardless of how much it hurt. Knowing that I couldn't get pregnant helped to ease any remaining inhibition I might otherwise have felt.

Again Leo didn't rush me, but started rubbing my pussy again until I was creaming like a fountain. When I felt him slipping his hand down my panties I said, "Please don't put your fingers inside me, Leo. I'm a virgin, and I want my hymen to be ruptured by your hard cock, not by your finger."

He looked at me in astonishment. "You're kidding!" he said. "You can't be cherry after being with Sam so long."

When I assured him that I was, he surprised me in turn by reaching for his pants, saying, "Shit, we'd better stop before this goes any further, and you regret it for the rest of your life."

I nearly panicked. "Listen," I told him. "If you don't do it, I'll find a guy who will. I know damn well Hank wants to screw me, so take me back to the burger shop."

When he hesitated I encouraged him further by reaching back to unhook my bra, saying, "Here, why don't

he didn't have to worry about getting me pregnant. I then skinned out of my panties and lay back across the car seat. I braced one foot against the back of the front seat and put the other up by the rear window, waiting for him to take me.

Leo looked down at me, hesitating. Then he said, "I might as well tell you the truth, Nan. I've never done it either, and I'm not sure what to do."

"Jesus!" I said. "Look, just get on top of me and we'll figure it out, okay?"

So he lay down on top of me and jabbed his hard-on at my crotch, trying unsuccessfully to get it into my pussy. I reached down and guided it to my opening, then held my breath as he shoved it in. There wasn't any pain or discomfort, only the strange feeling of his hot meat filling my body, and then something warm and wet being pumped into my pussy as he came instantly and went soft, slipping out of me.

"When I felt him slipping his hand down my panties I said, 'Please don't put your fingers inside me, Leo. I'm a virgin, and I want my hymen to be ruptured by your hard cock, not by your finger'"

you play with these to get you back in the mood, while I get acquainted with the cock that will make me a woman in a few minutes."

His cock was maybe a little longer than Sam's, though nowhere near as thick. But it was hard as a steel pipe, and had a dribble of precome running down its length. As I stroked it he told me to be careful or he would blow. He then fumbled around and handed me a rubber, telling me to put it on him. I threw it aside, saying that I wanted my first time to be natural, and that

He collapsed on me then, saying, "Oh my God, that was good, Nan! How was it for you?" I told him I didn't really know, since it had been over in a heartbeat, and asked him if he could try it again. He said he didn't think so. But by playing with his cock I had him hard in just a few minutes, and we actually ended up doing it five times, getting better each time. When I couldn't get him hard anymore he drove me home, and I was a woman at last.

After that I did it with Leo a few more times. I also did it with Hank, and then

I let myself be seduced by a 30-year-old man who worked for my father. That man taught me more about fucking in the one week than Leo or Hank would probably ever know.

Sam returned a few days before Christmas, and we made love for the first time. Doing it with the man I loved was far more satisfying emotionally than fucking for fun with other guys. Sam was sure he was my first, and was very careful with me, and I pretended to be much more innocent than I was. However, on our wedding night we both confessed our pasts, and vowed that there would never be any secrets between us. To my relief, hearing about my adventures actually turned Sam on! Since then I have faithfully kept my vow, and I tell him about all my lovers, my casual encounters and my one-night stands. He loves having such a lusty wife, and I am grateful for a husband who understands my insatiable craving for another man's cock. He completes me.—*N.C., Tempe, Arizona*

HE WAS DYING TO SEE HIS WHITE WIFE WITH HIS BIG BLACK FRIEND

For as long as I can remember I have had a desire to see a white pussy being filled by a big black cock. I'm not sure why, but the image of a white woman being penetrated by a black penis has always fascinated me. When quite young I became hooked on interracial porn, both in magazines and videos, and would seek it out wherever I could.

Soon after I was married I discovered *Penthouse Letters*, which I began reading for the letters on black-white sex; but after a while I also became interested in the letters about wife sharing.

Now my wife Linda is white, and my friend Ronnie, who I've known since before college, is black. Very black. Also very big, and very attractive to women. I was soon obsessed by the realization that this situation offered

me the chance to combine my two fantasies.

Ronnie is six feet four, broad shouldered, self-assured and very masculine. The first time I saw him in the shower at the gym I had to gasp. Now I'm not a guy who normally gawks at other guys' cocks, but it's hard not to notice when a dude hangs at least eight inches soft. From that day on I began to imagine him fucking Linda with that big black cock, visualizing it slipping into her. Every time I fucked her I would picture Ronnie's huge dick sliding into her pussy, pushing her vaginal lips apart and disappearing between her legs.

I was also pretty sure that Linda was attracted to Ronnie, though she never said so directly. I knew she liked him as a friend, but that wasn't enough for me. I began to think about how I could get them together, how I could convince her to fuck him, and to do it while I watched. At the same time, I had some insecurities about what I was getting myself into. What if she liked having sex with Ronnie so much that she only wanted to be with him? The old expression, 'Be careful what you wish for' occurred to me more than once, but in the end I realized the risks were less important to me than the pleasures of having my deepest fantasy fulfilled.

Finally I decided that the best way to proceed was to just tell Ronnie what I wanted and see what he said. So one day, when we were golfing, I asked him if he had ever had a white woman.

He looked at me as though this was the most dumb-assed question he'd ever heard. "Of course," he said, grinning. "White chicks love black dick. Why, you worried that I'll steal your little white wife?"

"Actually, I'm worried that you won't," I said, with as much bravado as I could muster. "Or at least, that you won't get the chance to fuck her so that I can watch."

"You want me to fuck Linda?" he

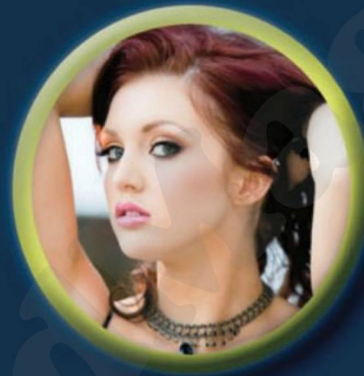
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said, sliding his putter into his golf bag. He seemed less surprised at my statement than I had expected, as if this was the kind of request he got all the time.

"Well, I assume you find her attractive," I replied. "And you would be doing me a favor."

Ronnie smiled. "Well, I've always said I'll do anything to help out a friend," he chuckled. "Even fuck his beautiful wife. Man, I'll bet her pussy is as tight as a closed fist!"

I started to talk about how I hoped to persuade Linda to go along with this plan, but Ronnie simply told me to leave it to him, and I felt encouraged by his incredible confidence. When I repeated that I wanted to watch, he said, "Man, I don't care if you bring the Pope and fifty of your best friends. I'd fuck Linda in Carnegie Hall, or in a dark alley. She is a very hot woman, and any man would be happy to fuck her, with or without you."

Now my wife is no prude, but I wasn't sure she'd go for the idea of fucking another guy, especially one of my friends—or whether his being black would be a problem or not. But I knew she loved sex, that she was easy to arouse given the right situation, and that once she got turned on there was no stopping her. And I suspected that if she would fuck anybody besides me, Ronnie would be the man.

That night I told Linda I had invited Ronnie over for dinner that Friday evening. He showed up as promised, and things began to heat up between them almost immediately. He had told me to let him take care of it, and I could see pretty soon that he certainly knew what he was talking about.

All through the evening Ronnie made sure to touch my wife at every opportunity. His hand was repeatedly brushing her arm or her shoulder, and once I even saw him graze his palm across her bottom as she passed in front of him. I knew she felt it, but she simply acted as though nothing had



"When I repeated that I wanted to watch, he said, 'Man, I don't care if you bring the Pope and fifty of your best friends. I'd fuck Linda in Carnegie Hall, or in a dark alley. She is a very hot woman'"

happened. It was a gesture that could easily be taken as accidental, but I had the strong feeling that she knew it was deliberate, and actually welcomed his hand on her bottom. I knew that everything he was doing was calculated to end up with them in bed together, and the redness of her neck and cheeks showed that she thought so too. The longer the evening went on, the more assertive and bold he became, and the more flirtatious she got in return.

After we had finished eating and moved into the living room, Ronnie suggested we put on some music,

and asked Linda to dance. She gave me a uncertain look, for my approval, I suppose, and I simply nodded, trying to treat it as no big deal. It was a big deal, but I didn't want to show too much enthusiasm, for fear she might get suspicious. "I'd love to," she said then, putting her small white hand into Ronnie's big black palm.

It didn't take long for their dancing to go from friendly and playful to slow and intimate, and before long my friend had both of his palms on my wife's ass, openly massaging her buttocks with his huge hands. As they

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moved slowly around on the carpeted floor she seemed to melt into his muscular body. The sight thrilled me to the marrow, and after a couple of dances I knew without a doubt that old Ronnie's dick would be sliding into my wife before midnight. I couldn't wait to see it, to watch his big black cock disappearing into her little white pussy, to see her fingers wrapped around his huge erection. I wanted to behold his fat dick in my wife's mouth, see her pink tongue circling his thick black knob. I even pictured his black face pushed up against her splayed pussy, his pink tongue pressing between her puffy lips.

They were still dancing around eleven o'clock, when I announced that I was going to bed. They were so absorbed in each other that I wasn't sure they even heard me. I then went over to Linda and whispered in her ear, "Whatever you want to do with Ronnie tonight is fine with me. In fact, you have my blessing."

She looked at me for a moment and gave me a little nod and a half-smile. Ronnie still had both hands on her tight little ass, their bodies barely moving at that point. Her arms were wound around his neck, and her body could not have been pressed more tightly against his.

I love you, she mouthed to me as I started to move away. I blew a kiss in her direction, then left the room. When I paused in the doorway and looked back, I saw that Ronnie had hiked up Linda's skirt. He then lowered her panties, and she kicked them off when they fell to her ankles. Grinning to myself, I walked down the hall to our room. I figured I'd leave them for 30 minutes or so, then come back down and see if anything further had developed.

When I came down again I saw just what I had hoped for. Both Linda and Ronnie were nude, his black skin contrasting with her white body as his dick pushed up into her pussy. They were on the floor with her kneeling over him,

sliding up and down on his huge cock. She was taking about seven of his nearly 10 inches of erect meat inside her, but after a few minutes more she was able to take almost all of his length into her snatch. As they fucked she bent down over him and their mouths ground together in a passionate kiss, her pink lips pressed against his dark mouth, her tongue intermingling with his.

When Ronnie finally came he poured stream after stream of his semen into her pussy. He was still shooting as she lifted herself off him and took his cock in her hand, lowering her head to it and catching much of his remaining jism in her yawning and eager mouth. The sight of my black friend shooting streams of pearly semen into my wife's open mouth was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen, topped only by seeing his beefy black pole sliding in and out of her stretched and dripping pussy.

"I couldn't wait to see it, to watch his big black cock disappearing into her little white pussy. I wanted to behold his fat dick in my wife's mouth, see her pink tongue circling his thick black knob"

I quickly tiptoed back up to bed, without either of them, as far as I was aware, being conscious of my presence. It was not until the next morning, as we cuddled together in bed, that I brought up the subject again. "Did you like being fucked by Ronnie?" I asked her as I nuzzled her hair.

"My God, he's so big!" she breathed, turning her face to kiss me. "I can still feel him inside me," she added. "His cock is so beautiful!"

"Are you ruined for fucking white guys?" I asked—jokingly, I hoped.

"Once you go black, you never go back," she quoted with a chuckle. "I don't know about that, but I sure liked having him inside me." She kissed me again. "But don't worry," she said, smiling. "You can't eat fillet mignon every night." She chuckled at her own joke, then pushed herself up and looked down at my face. "Did you watch?" she asked me.

I nodded.

"I thought you would," she said. "I know how you like your black and white porn videos, so I figured that's what you wanted. You set this whole thing up, didn't you?"

"Do you mind?" I said.

There was a pause. "No," she said finally. "Let's do it again."

And we did. After that first time Ronnie came over to our house at least once a week, for dinner or just to visit, and he had sex with my wife each time he was there. I no longer bothered to try to be surreptitious about watching,

and I got to see everything I had ever dreamed of, every fantasy I'd ever had about black on white sex and wife sharing, and it was everything I'd hoped it could be.

After the first half-dozen or so times, Linda had come so far that the next time she suggested that I get out our camera and take pictures while they fucked. "You like seeing him inside me so much, why don't you get some pictures so you can enjoy him fucking me whenever you want?" she said. Ronnie grinned and said that sounded like a

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part in her first black on white group fuck.

Linda, who before fucking Ronnie had always been slow to warm up to new people, had no problem getting friendly with Karl and Norman. Norman may have been the shortest, but his cock was every bit as big as those of the other two men. "Oh my!" Linda sighed when she saw all three guys standing naked, their erect cocks standing straight out from washboard-like stomachs. She took hold Ronnie's cock with her right hand and Karl's with her left, then bent and without hesitation began sucking on Norman, releasing him only long enough to say, "Get your camera, baby, I want to record this."

During the first couple of hours each of the men fucked my wife at least three times. Then they collapsed in a black and white heap, resting until one of them roused himself to start the process again. At one point, around

great idea, so I immediately dashed for the camera.

The first picture I took was of Linda's white fingers wrapped around Ronnie's nearly 10-inch cock. It was utterly beautiful. I got many of her blowing him, with just the head of his dick between her lips, or with her licking it avidly, or with almost half its length stuffed into her mouth. She could never take it all that way, but she sure did her best. Of course I also took God knows how many shots of that cock sliding in and out of her pussy, mostly closeups.

A couple of weeks later Ronnie asked Linda if she would ever consider a black on white gang bang with him and a couple of his friends. She hesitated at first, but not for long. Then she turned to me and asked me if I would mind.

"Mind?" I repeated. "It's something I have fantasized about for years!"

"How about this weekend?" she asked with a sly grin.

"She took hold of Ronnie's cock with her right hand and Karl's with her left, then bent and began sucking on Norman, releasing him long enough to say, 'Get your camera, baby, I want to record this'"

Ronnie and his friends Karl and Norman arrived that Saturday evening about six. Karl was taller than Ronnie and broader in the shoulders, with forearms the size of loaves of French bread. Norman was shorter, but well muscled and with a shaved head. Both men were very virile and had that confident air about them that comes with athletic prowess, or a great deal of success in bed. Ronnie told me that both of his pals loved white pussy, and that when he'd told them about Linda they'd jumped at the chance to take

three in the morning, I watched my wife take Ronnie in her ass and Karl in her pussy, while sucking Norman to an explosive orgasm.

All four of them slept until nearly five the next afternoon, after which Linda fucked each of them again before they left. Ronnie left last, after I fucked her while she sucked him to the most productive orgasm I have ever seen, taking what seemed like a quart of his come all over her face and body.

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videos, I also have hundreds of photos of my wife fucking black men of all sizes and shapes. Linda has turned into an insatiable sex hound, who is willing to try anything with anyone, as long as he is black and very large. I love her more than anything, but I know now that it would be a crime to limit her to one man, or one race. 'If you go black you'll never go back?' Well, Linda still enjoys fucking me, but I am definitely the hamburger to Ronnie's fillet mignon. She even went out and bought a big black dildo that she uses when no black cock is available. She calls it Ronnie, Junior. She's in a different world when she rides that cock!—*F.G., Portland, Oregon*

HE HAS A GREAT TIME ON HIS ISLAND VACATION—BY PROXY

About four years ago I took a vacation trip to the beautiful tropical island of Cancun, attracted by the promise of peace and warmth not offered by the hustle of the city. As soon as I disembarked at the airport I was thrilled to be greeted by the summery heat and the cloud-free sky.

I picked up the Harley I had rented for the week and loaded my little bit of luggage into the saddle bags. Off I rode, feeling the wind in my face and watching the crystal-blue water splashing against the white sand of the beach. This paradise I was in had an unbelievably sensuous feel to it, and I had a feeling that my week on this island was going to be one to remember. Sun, sand and a Harley—what more could a guy want? Except maybe some sexual fun to make the week perfect.

I found my way to the luxury hotel where I was to stay for the week. My room was on the fourth floor, and I could open the sliding glass door and step out onto my balcony to watch the water lapping the sand, listen to the surf and see the couples walking on the beach, hand in hand or with their arms around each other. I could

almost feel the sexual tension between them, and I fully understood it. After all, we were in paradise.

On my first morning I rose early and decided to take a ride and explore this heaven. I rode slowly along the beach so I could see the beautiful bodies of the young women in their brilliantly colored bikinis. The skin of these women was golden brown from the sun's glow, their hair flowing in the ocean breeze. I longed to touch them and to be one with each of them.

After riding around for a while, I decided that I wanted to venture onto the beach myself. I returned to the hotel, parked my Harley, changed into my swimming suit and headed down to the beautiful white sand. Beyond a grove of palm trees a portion of the beach was protected from casual sight. As I walked along I saw an incredible number of beautiful women sunning themselves. Some were topless, with lovely pert breasts, their

bit, allowing a bit more buoyancy, but I could see that the guy couldn't quite get his hard cock into the pretty little blonde's pussy. Fucking in the water was proving to be a true challenge for them. They continued to kiss as he played with her breasts, pinching her nipples as he thrust forward to try and push his cock inside her, but still no luck. Finally the frustration got to both of them. The guy grabbed the girl's hand and they ran out of the water. Hastily donning their swimsuits, they started running up the beach toward the line of trees. They wanted to fuck and obviously didn't care who knew it.

When they reached the palm trees they stopped and kissed. The man pulled her to him, his hands untying her suit top as his mouth covered hers. They then moved to her petite tits, pinching her nipples. I walked closer to get a better view, but they either didn't see me or didn't care who was watching. He helped her remove her suit

"He helped her remove her suit bottoms, after which she knelt down and lowered his trunks. As she did, his hard cock sprang out and struck her lips. She opened her mouth and sucked it in"

succulent nipples pointing toward the brilliant blue heaven.

Suddenly I heard the sounds of laughter and splashing coming from a group of people playing in the water. As I looked I saw one lovely brunette run up onto the beach and grab a couple of flotation tubes. She ran back and handed them to two people, a gray-haired older man and a young blonde girl, who had been kissing and playing with each other's body. The two people were obviously trying to fuck in the water. The tubes helped a

bottoms, after which she knelt down and lowered his trunks. As she did, his hard cock sprang out and struck her lips. She opened her mouth and sucked it in.

Semi-hidden from the people on the beach, she sucked his stiff cock and massaged his tight balls. One hand stroked his shaft as she sucked on him, while the other continued to rub his scrotum. I heard him moan and tell her to suck him. "Suck me, my lovely flower," he panted. "Suck my hard cock. Lick my balls, babe. Suck me

and jack me off." And she did.

Finally he pulled away from her sucking mouth and laid her onto a bed of palm branches. Lowering his face to hers, he kissed her again, their dancing tongues probing their mouths. Then he moved down and gently sucked her nipples, siphoning them into his mouth as he moved his hand to her pussy. She gave a little moan and her back arched as his fingers probed her wetness. I saw one of those fingers enter her tight little pussy, and then another. Her growling moans grew louder as he finger-fucked her while still sucking on her nipples.

Next he eased further down over her, kissing her body as he moved lower, until his head was between her beautiful thighs. He kissed each thigh before moving in closer to her slit. I could actually see his tongue as it opened her pussy lips. It moved over her hole, then dipped inside it. He then slowly licked up to her clit and began to work on it in earnest, licking and sucking at the little button while his fingers continued to fuck her, faster and faster.

The group they had been swimming with was still playing back there in the water. I wondered if they could see them fucking, or if they were too busy playing games of their own. They seemed to be fooling around and touching each other, but not like the couple I was watching.

I looked back at that couple in time to see the gray-haired man suck the lovely blonde to a screaming orgasm. She came so hard that his face got all wet with her juices. I realized she was a squirter, and had covered his face with her hot girl come. He seemed to love it, and kept licking her pussy, his face getting wetter and wetter.

As the girl began to come down from her seemingly endless orgasm, the man moved up her body, covering her. I watched as he began to push his rock-hard cock into her soaking cunt. She groaned with passion as that

cock filled her completely. He moved slowly, sliding himself in and out of her, pulling almost all the way out and sliding slowly back in. She was groaning more loudly and telling him to fuck her harder. I could hear her words. "Fuck me, Sean, fuck me harder with that beautiful cock, fuck my pussy hard!" She seemed to be in ecstasy as they fucked. Now he began to slam his cock deep into her cunt, harder and harder.

As I watched in fascination I suddenly realized that my cock was rock-hard too. I moved closer to them, hiding myself behind one of the palm trees, then took my cock out of my trunks and began to rub it as I watched, stroking it in the same tempo as their fucking. He was fucking her more strongly, and she was moving like no other woman I had ever seen. Oh my god, she could fuck! I imagined how she must feel beneath him, and how she was milking his cock with her cunt. I stroked faster as their rhythm picked up. I could see his face, and knew that he was about to blast a hot load of come into that delicious cunt. She seemed to be close to orgasm as well.

Suddenly, they both began to shout out their climax as the man filled her cunt with his hot white sperm. "Fuck me, Sean!" the girl screamed. "Oh god, FUCK ME!" And he did, still, slamming into her as she continued to scream out her pleasure. I now began to shoot as well, my cock spasming and jerking as I shot my seed all over the ground. Watching this couple fuck so intently, so all-consumingly, had made me come so fucking hard I almost fell to my knees. It was incredible.

In the afterglow of their orgasms, the man and the girl clung to each other and kissed deeply. They continued to hold each other, he stroking her hair as they gazed into one another's eyes. They looked like they were in love, with each other and with life. Then they started to laugh, knowing they

had just fucked only a short distance from all their friends. Uncaring of the fact that those friends knew that they had run up the beach to fuck, and that they may have been seen. They just laughed and clung to each other in their joy.

Finally they slipped their swimming suits back on and ran back to the water to rejoin their friends, laughing and splashing around. I straightened myself up and continued my walk down the beach. This was the start of one of the best weeks of my life. I loved my stay on Cancun, and will remember it always.—*C.T., Toledo, Ohio*

A KINKY SPRING BREAK BRINGS THIS SHY WALLFLOWER TO LIFE

It was spring break, and I was going with a bunch of my friends to Miami Beach. My mom's best friend's daughter, Doris, was off for break too. I was a college junior and Doris was just a sophomore, so when her mom asked me to take her with me I made some excuse. Doris was nice, but she was kind of chubby and plain and very boring, I thought. But then her mom called my mom to get her on my case, and in the end I really had no choice.

When I went to pick Doris up I noticed that she had lost a few pounds, though she was still somewhat overweight. I got separate rooms for us at the hotel, and we got settled in.

The first night there was a lot of wild and crazy partying going on, and I didn't see Doris at all. When I finally got up the next day I knocked on her door, and when she answered it I could tell she was hung over. She'd had a few drinks the night before and was feeling the effects. I made sure she was all right, and went my way again.

When I checked on her again the next day she was totally sober. She told me that she'd gone to bed early and alone the night before. I felt bad, because by then I'd been fucked by



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three different girls, and was just getting started.

Doris asked me to come in and keep her company for a while, and I did so, as I felt sorry for her. I called for room service to bring us some booze, and we had a drink or two together. When I told her I had to get going she stopped me and said she didn't want to be alone for all of spring break. I told her to hang in there, and to let herself go and have fun. She then asked me if I thought she was pretty. When I said yes, she suddenly kissed me. I couldn't help feeling a surge of passion as she pulled me to the bed.

She peeled off her bikini top and then removed her bottoms. I began sucking and fondling her tits (which were pretty nice, actually) and then she pushed my head downward. I knew what she wanted, so I obliged. I went down on her and ate her nicely trimmed snatch until she came.

Now it was my turn. I pushed my shorts down and she all but lunged for my cock. She wasn't very good at oral sex, but I sort of coached her and she soon had me ready to come. When I did she attempted to swallow my load, although she choked about half of it out over her chin.

We lay there talking for a while, and she told me she was a virgin. That made my cock twitch back to life, and she noticed it. She asked if I'd like to be her first. I said yes, and climbed on top of her. She was pretty nervous, so I was as gentle as I could be. Once I broke her hymen, I paused to let her adjust, and then I began fucking her.

I went slowly at first, but once she was totally relaxed, I really started slamming her. I got so carried away that I couldn't hold back, and I came inside her. Doris was so excited that she told me to use her like a little whore and do whatever I wanted. So I rolled her over on her belly and began to tongue her ass until I got hard again, and then I took her anal cherry as well. After the initial shock she seemed to

enjoy it, and actually pushed back as I pushed in, and although it took a long time, I finally shot my load in her ass.

I took her out with me that night and got her really drunk, then put her to bed, but with no sex. The next day I woke her and told her to take a shower, because I had a surprise for her. While she showered I called room service for some beer and food, then called housekeeping and told them the toilet was broken.

When Doris came out I told her I wanted to tie her up for sex. She got really turned on by that idea, and let me tie her to the bed. As I finished up there was a knock on the door, and a voice calling, "Room service." Doris looked startled and asked me to cover her up, but I just grinned and asked her if she didn't think it would be exciting to be seen that way by a stranger. "Oh my God!" she said, but I could totally see the arousal in her beautiful eyes.

dressed and left. Doris just lay there panting.

Two minutes later, as I was sucking Doris's tits, there was another knock—the maintenance guy, there to fix the toilet. When he saw Doris he wanted her too, so I gave him a rubber and he fucked her while I watched. She was so excited she moaned like crazy. He fucked her really hard, the bed slamming the wall. She came while he was screwing her, and when he shot inside her she came again. Once he finished and left I untied her, and then I fucked her too.

After that I fucked Doris every day of our trip, and shared her with at least half a dozen of my friends, ending with a four-man gang bang on our last night. When we got home Doris told her mother that we'd had a wonderful time. She and I started seeing each other, even after she told me she was pregnant. Life is good.—E.N., Cambridge, Massachusetts

"Doris was so excited that she told me to use her like a little whore and do whatever I wanted. So I rolled her over on her belly and began to tongue her ass, and then I took her anal cherry as well"

I answered the door, asked the room service waiter to come in and led him to the bedroom. His eyes nearly bugged out when he saw Doris tied to the bed. She was breathing hard, but her eyes got even brighter when I asked him if he'd like to fuck her. He nodded, and I got him a condom. He put it on and got on her. She moaned as he fucked her, and I went up to her and had her suck my cock at the same time. She sucked me so hard I came in about two minutes. The waiter came soon after, filling his rubber, then got

THIS COUPLE DISCOVERS A NEW KIND OF THRILL—EXHIBITIONISM

A few months ago my husband Troy and I were on a vacation trip when we came upon a pretty lake with a wooden float in the middle of it. As it was a warm day and the place seemed deserted, we decided to swim out to the float and do a little sunbathing. Stripping to the skin, we swam out there through the pleasant water, then climbed onto the float and lay down to soak up the rays of the sun.

Troy soon got horny, and I felt him

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put his hand on my leg and then start to stroke my thighs as he worked his way to my pussy. Even though I was ready for a good fuck, I decided to play hard to get. I closed my legs and brushed his hand away. A minute later it was back again, and I pushed it away again. This happened several times before Troy decided it was time for him to take charge if he was going to get a piece of a my ass.

He rolled over onto my body and wedged his knees between my legs, forcing them apart. As soon as he felt my wetness he knew I was only teasing him, and he drove himself into me with one push, causing me to cry out with passion. He started thrusting away at me, and I was meeting him stroke for stroke when we heard the faint sound of a motor and realized we weren't alone.

This didn't stop Troy, however; he just kept pumping into me, and I didn't try to stop him either. I even found myself moaning and squealing more loudly for the benefit of whatever audience might be watching us. When Troy shot his load into me, it set off my own massive orgasm, which tore through my body like a whirlwind. I screamed, digging my nails into his back and bucking so hard that we rolled off the float into the water, with Troy's cock still inside me.

When we came to the surface we saw a small motor boat not far away. In it were three fishermen, smiling at us and applauding. A minute later they started their motor and the boat moved away.

Later that night, in our hotel bed, we talked about what had happened at the lake, and we got so turned on that we fucked like animals as we recalled how exciting it had been for us. Since then we've been getting our kicks by having sex in public whenever we can, and each adventure seems to stimulate us more.

Two weeks ago we were fucking in the front seat of our car at a local

lovers' lane, when I looked up to see several men watching us through the car window. Since it was a warm evening, I rolled the window down so they could get a better view. That's when one of the guys stuck his cock through the window. As Troy continued to thrust into me, I reached up to take the cock in my hand and stroke it until I felt it jerk and start to spurt. I aimed it at my chest, letting his come splatter all over my boobs. This seemed to turn Troy on, and he began fucking me harder and faster.

When the stranger stopped coming his cock was replaced by another. I jerked that one off too, and then a third, until Troy groaned and came inside me.

When he climbed off me, one of the men outside begged us to let him in the car with us. As I was still highly aroused, I said okay before Troy could even answer.

The guy got into the back and quickly reached over the seat to fondle my tits. As he pulled and tweaked my stiff nipples I reached back with one hand to feel for his cock. It was an awkward position, but I found his hard-on and began to stroke him as his other hand reached for my crotch. He began to finger my dripping pussy, but after just a few moments I heard him groan and felt his sperm run down over my hand.

The man quickly tucked himself back in and left the car. We looked around, but there was no one else in sight, so Troy and I enjoyed another passionate fuck before going home, where we continued to fuck deep into the night.

These thrilling experiences with strangers have put new life into our marriage, and as they continue to do so we will continue to seek them out and share them with you!—*Name and address withheld*

Life, like sex, is an uncertain business. You never know what you're going to

find out when you venture into it, just as you never know what you might find in our Carnal**cop**ia section, which includes a little bit of everything. You might even find your letter there. Of course you'll have to send it to us first. Do that by addressing it to: *Penthouse Letters*, Dept. CC, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10005. Or e-mail your letter to: letters@ffn.com

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